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THE PROBLEM, THE SOLUTION AND THE MAN

BY THE EDITOR

THE fact that we live in an age of action, not of thought, is charged with more meaning for us than for those of older countries. They have as guides the beacon lights of their own histories, but the conditions confronting us are without precedent either at home or abroad. Hence the vital need of pausing at intervals in order that we may determine, so far as possible, whether we are being swept unresistingly along a torrent to certain doom or are gliding passively down the river of natural progress to a haven of peace, equality and common happiness. So, while comforting our souls with the reflection that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come, it nevertheless behooves us, as a prudent people, to remedy artificial evils, which invariably have their genesis in want of thought, by the application of thought itself. The poet Lowell expressed the idea to homely perfection.

> "I honor the man who is ready to sink
> Half his present repute for the freedom to think;
> And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
> Will sink t'other half for the freedom to speak,
> Caring naught for what vengeance the mob has in store,
> Let that mob be the upper ten thousand, or lower."

THE TARIFF AND REVENUE

What, then, is the one great problem upon whose solution

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depends the future of our country and our people? That, in a commercial age, it is economic goes without saying. That, in a sense, it is moral may be accepted as an obvious fact. Recent manifestations of the instinct of an alert-minded people to seek and concentrate upon the concrete readily induce the suggestion that it is the tariff. But the tariff is not a problem. It is no more than a phase become a political issue. Whether imposts should be laid for revenue or protection is a question of importance, to be sure, but of far less importance than in former years when academic judgment outweighed practical considerations. It would be the height of folly to blind our eyes to the conditions that now exist and cannot be changed. We rightfully lament and condemn governmental extravagance, but none can deny that application of the most rigid economy would counterbalance but temporarily the increasing cost of administration of a rapidly growing commonwealth. Despite the enormous revenues now derived from various sources, each day adds two hundred thousand dollars to the deficit, and this sum would have been doubled by the enactment of the absurd pension law recently approved by the House of Representatives. We must, moreover, accept as a fact that actual needs will multiply rather than diminish.

How are these colossal sums to be obtained? By reducing the tariff to a revenue basis? In part, perhaps, but by no means to an extent sufficient to meet the requirements. Let us not deceive ourselves in this regard. No intelligent man now advocates the destruction of our great manufacturing industries through the adoption of free trade with other nations. The utmost that is sought is a lowering of excessive and prohibitive rates to a standard that would enable reasonable competition to kill monopoly. The effect would be a reduction in the cost of products to the consumers and to that extent it would be beneficial. But, clearly, there would ensue no material increase in revenues unless the manufacturer were driven out of business entirely—an outcome contemplated and desired by no one. There is well-grounded belief that manufacturing profits, as a rule, are excessive and should be brought within bounds to the advantage of the consumer, but since there is no thought of abolishing them altogether the industries will survive and prosper, though more moderately, and will continue to meet

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the market demands. It is idle, then, to anticipate any increase in revenues approaching adequacy from a lowering of the rates. The tariff, as we have said, is no more than a phase—a phase, indeed, of only a part of the real problem, because essential as the procurement of money for government undoubtedly is, it is as a bagatelle compared with the collateral results.

THE PARAMOUNT PROBLEM

The vital problem now confronting the people of the United States, the problem involving the perpetuity of free institutions, the problem which transcends all economic, political and moral issues, is how to make equitable distribution of the combined earnings of labor and capital without rending the fabric of popular government. The apothegm of Ricardo, still upheld by certain powerful but short-sighted classes in England, to the effect that the laborer is entitled to just enough food and clothing to keep the machinery of his body working until it shall wear itself out, finds no adherents here. We have advanced at least far enough to recognize that humanity is a part, and a very large part, of political economy. But this is only a step. We have much farther to go to insure the supremacy of evolution over revolution as an effective force in the development of civilization. Our colossal fortunes have sprung into being so quickly that there has been hardly time to effect a readjustment of the relationship of Wealth to the State which conserves it, but no thoughtful mind can fail to appreciate that readjustment must be had and soon, not merely for the relief of Labor, but quite as much, if not more, for the protection of Capital itself. We cannot equalize fortunes. "When two men ride a horse, one must ride behind." Nor would we, if we could, sound the death knell of individualism. But we can try to correct methods and influences which have produced great inequalities, and which, if unchecked, cannot fail to make the disparities yet more enormous. True it is that never before and nowhere else has Wealth been so sensible of its duties as it is now and here. It builds hospitals, libraries, schools and colleges without number, but such remedies serve only to palliate the disease. They do not extirpate the germs. The process, moreover, is artificial, discriminatory and offensive to, if not indeed destructive of, the self-respect of the masses.

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Less charity and more justice is what the American people want and what they are entitled to receive.

INTERDEPENDENCE AND CO-OPERATION

That is the problem. Where lies the solution? Primarily in the spirit with which the subject is approached. Not independence, but interdependence, has become the law of life in this country. Co-operation, a drawing together in frank and unselfish tolerance of one another's opinions, is positively essential to the settlement of every great question. And this concurrence must be general, must come not only from all groups, but from all sections. Invariably and naturally the older and richer community is the more conservative, the more reluctant to accept innovation, the more obtuse in recognizing either the equities or necessities of change. That the West does not appreciate the extent of its obligation to the East is apparent to the most casual observer, but no less manifest is the East's obduracy in ignoring the teachings of the West. The historian, Woodrow Wilson, depicts with insight and accuracy "the moral of our history."

"The East," he writes, "has spent and been spent for the West: has given forth her energy, her young men and her substance for the new regions that have been a-making all the century through. But has she learned as much as she has taught or taken as much as she has given? The westward march has stopped upon the final slopes of the Pacific. Populations now turn upon their old paths, fill in the places they passed by as neglected in their first journey in search of a land of promise; settle to a life such as the East knows as well as the West—nay, much better. With the change, the pause, the settlement, our people draw into closer groups, stand face to face, to know each other and to be known: and the time has come for the East to learn in her turn; to broaden her understanding of political and economic conditions to the scale of a hemisphere. Let us be sure that we get the national temperament; send our minds abroad upon the continent, become neighbors to all the people that live upon it and lovers of them all."

THE SOUTH AS TEACHER

This is the true spirit—the essence of patriotism indicative of the brotherhood of man. We need not dwell upon the West's resentment against the East nor the East's distrust

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of the West. But we do know and must recognize that these unhappy sentiments have pervaded the two sections in the past and have not yet been wholly eradicated. The cure lies in better understanding, to be acquired through fuller acquaintanceship. The South is the natural arbiter because the South, revivified and prosperous, more philosophical as a consequence of enforced conditions, has become less dependent upon its sister sections than either the West or the East. By virtue of the genius for statesmanship and clear thinking which it developed in the early days, it was the leader for scores of years and should be the leader now.

Its duty is plain. Out of the happy outcome of its own patient sufferance it may well indicate to the impatient West the advantages to be derived from the exercise of tolerance. From its own bitter experience it can point out clearly to the East that, while great possessions may be lost temporarily to a community, that which a free people come to recognize as a vital truth can never die, that the test of a man's strength and worth is not so much what he achieves as what he overcomes, that brawn weighs less than brain and brain less than character, that even from a selfish view-point it is cheaper to lift human beings up than to hold them down, and that the soundest security for property lies in interesting the largest number of individuals in its preservation and the smallest number in its destruction. Hence the value, the incalculable value to all, of equitable distribution of the combined earnings and accumulations of labor and capital.

How to obtain such apportionment is the question. Not by violence surely. The exercise of mere force, whether physical or legislative, is destructive, not creative, and at best can only clear the way for something different and probably worse. Not by decreeing a new system of government as one would order a new suit of clothes, for the simple reason that the tailor does not live and never has lived who could make it fit. And yet not by compromise of principle which has been aptly described as a good enough umbrella for politics, but a poor roof for statesmanship. It is quite as essential, in this land at this time, that our methods should be orderly as that our aims should be rational.

THE DIRECT TAX

May it not be that the remedy lies in direct taxation?

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Why not frankly acknowledge that our government can no longer be fed by those who have little and are constantly getting less, and must be supported by those who have much and are steadily acquiring more? Attempts have been made from time to time to impose adequate taxes upon incomes and inheritances. Some have been insincere; all for one reason or another have been abortive. Is it not now time to undertake the task with resolute determination to succeed? Can a better solution of our most vital problem be devised?

Advocacy of legislation making such imposition does not involve assault upon a class. It is not a contest of classes at all. It is no more or less than recognition of the natural rights of free men to establish a system under which all members of each present and succeeding generation shall possess substantially equal privileges. A tax upon incomes is not, as is so frequently said, a tax upon industry. It is rent of exceptional opportunity, a just payment for peculiar advantages levied in proportion to the gains derived from their exercise. And a tax upon inheritances is not a tax upon the earner, but upon the beneficiary who, having played no part in the making, should be willing to share his bequest with the State whose aid was essential to its acquirement and whose protection continues to be requisite to its preservation.

We are accustomed to regard our very rich as broader and more generous-minded than the very rich of other lands and we set forth in evidence their magnificent benefactions. But making big gifts is quite different from paying big taxes. The former not only gratifies vanity, but presumably paves the way to a place among the angels, while the latter merely discharges a just obligation. So we must expect that the opposition will continue as strong as ever and that the usual arguments must be confuted in fairness and reason. But this is not difficult. There need be no question of double taxation and no antagonism between State and Nation. Co-operation alone is essential. It is useless for a commonwealth to impose a tax which can be evaded by a mere change of residence. But the Federal Government can make such a tax general and conserve all State prerogatives by allowing a reduction equivalent to the amount paid under similar enactment to the State. The would-be dodger would then be compelled to leave the country to avoid bearing his fair share of the total burden. And the

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justice of the proposal is indicated by the fact that there is no civilized land from England to Italy to which he could go and obtain better terms than the highest we would think of exacting for the protection of his property.

RECIPROCITY

Other questions, other issues, there are, to be sure, but all are allied with and subordinate to that which is vital and fundamental. We have seen that governmental needs not only exceed present revenues, but must of necessity increase, along with growing population at home and multiplying responsibilities abroad. Clearly, under these conditions, other sources of income must be found before ordinary business prudence will permit the general lowering of tariff rates so much as a shade below the revenue basis. The pending reciprocity bill is a neighborly and commendable act, but none can deny that its practical effect will be a very considerable increase in the present deficit. Its espousal, then, by a responsible Administration, which fails to indicate simultaneously an alternative method of meeting the enhanced deficiency, is political rather than statesmanlike, a mere expedient to appease public wrath, not the inauguration of a policy which could be made general. Proper taxation of incomes and inheritances, however, would render the development possible, feasible and greatly advantageous to the toiling masses.

THE ROOT OF DISCONTENT

No less direct is the relationship to our chief problem of all proposals to loosen the bonds of representative government by the substitution of primaries for conventions, by the election of Senators by popular vote, by adoption of the initiative, referendum and recall. The genesis of these questionable devices is the common and warrantable belief in the minds of the people that the poor bear burdens that should be borne by the rich, and that the failure, so far, of popular will to find expression through enactment of laws makes a change in the system itself essential to readjustment. The present trend towards pure democracy as a substitute for the government of delegated powers established by the Fathers is directly traceable to the obduracy of that alliance of Greed and Wealth which for so many years has controlled the dominant political party. Whether

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or not this revolutionary tendency is healthful is a question which need not now be considered. It suffices to point out the causes of its origin and growth — and these are manifest. Can any one believe that assaults upon the principle of representative government would ever have attained their present proportions but for the conviction in millions of minds that the many are being grossly discriminated against in favor of the few, especially in the matter of taxation, and that refusal to tax incomes and inheritances has been deliberate in order to make necessary for revenue purposes heavy imposts upon products essential to maintenance of very existence? There can be no question as to the root of the prevailing discontent and there can be no doubt of the people's full comprehension or of their firm determination to shift the burdens by prudent methods if possible, but by radical measures if necessary.

NO HOPE FROM THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

Who is best equipped to meet the situation? One can perceive little ground for hope from the Republican party until it shall be put out of power and be kept out long enough to dissolve its accumulated special partnerships. However good the intentions of a Republican President and even a portion of a Republican Congress may be, recent history proves conclusively that they count practically for naught. The party is tied hand and foot, has made so many trades with all sorts from Mammon to Mormon, has accepted so many favors, has become so dependent upon the power of money, that it is utterly helpless to break its bonds. The Democratic party is inexperienced; it may be ignorant; it has yet to prove itself capable. But it is a fortuitous circumstance that nobody in recent years has considered it worth bribing. Consequently it is at least free, free to do its best without fear or favor, and, so being, should be preferred.

LIBERAL OR CONSERVATIVE

Fifteen months hence the two leading candidates for President will be placed in nomination. One will be labelled Republican, the other Democratic. But the time has passed when a live issue can be raised between mere appellations. The sharp line of demarcation once drawn between the two great organizations has worn away in the roaring

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loom of time. The reality will find one regarded by the people as a conservative and the other as a liberal or progressive. Assuming, as we may with reasonable certainty, the renomination of President Taft, but one question in practical politics will confront the Democratic convention. That will relate to the tendency of the great body of voters. Is it towards liberalism or conservatism? If the former, then clearly the Democrats, if wise, will name a man generally recognized as more progressive than Mr. Taft; if the latter, they will designate one regarded as less radical. The relative personal merits of proposed candidates will be weighed naturally and properly, but the final determination will, or should be reached through a balancing of their respective tendencies. All will resolve to the making of the most effective contrast, the one way or the other, with the Republican nominee. It cannot be a difficult task. Mr. Taft occupies middle ground. He is a stand-patter in so far as he pronounces the present tariff law the best ever enacted, and he is an insurgent in his advocacy of that trifling sop to the whale called reciprocity. Although sincerely in favor of improving the government, he is by no means a zealous reformer. His bent is mildly and slowly progressive—and yet sufficiently advanced to be regarded as liberal in contrast with an old-time conservative.

BACKWARD OR FORWARD?

The Democratic party, then, when the time comes to make a choice, will be at the parting of the ways. Which road shall it take? The old familiar path through the meadows, travelled in 1904 and leading presumably to stability and non-interference with things existing, or the new highroad to reform? Shall it wear the garment of the Old Democracy or don the fresh mantle of the New? Shall it face cautiously sidewise, even perhaps a trifle backwards, or shall it raise its eyes fearlessly to the beacon light high up on the mountain-top? The question will be one of judgment no less than of right and all shades of opinion, from the reactionary views of Wall Street to the vagaries of Oregon, will merit consideration. But a careful diagnosis of the present temper of the people clearly indicates that, if an election were to be held to-morrow, a Democratic candidate regarded by the people as less progressive than President Taft would be defeated, and that a candidate generally recog-

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nized as being more progressive, more liberal, more radical, if you like, than President Taft would almost as surely win.

There need be no qualification of the first declaration because there appears no statesman answering that description whose intellectual and moral merits could be held to be in any way superior to those of President Taft; nor is there one whose powers of fascination are equal to those of our popular Chief Magistrate. There would be then no compensatory advantages, and the differentiation in policy would shape the result.

It does not follow, on the other hand, that any person reckoned as more progressive or liberal could win. Far from it. President Taft will be a strong and attractive candidate. He has amply demonstrated his good intentions, has fully proven his exceptional abilities and is gradually developing notable capacity for true leadership. In opposition to him, irrespective of political tendencies, must be pitted a man equal in all respects except experience, equal in intellect, in courage, in loyalty to the Constitution, in understanding of democratic institutions, in nobility of character and purpose, in freedom from wrongful influence of class or section, in fidelity to the interests of all the people whose lives, liberties, prosperity and happiness must be safeguarded and conserved by the great Republic which belongs to them and to them alone.

THE DEMOCRATIC FACTIONS

Grant that such an one be found. Can the Democratic party act as a unit? In four successive national elections one faction has defeated the other. Cleveland Democrats voted against Mr. Bryan and Bryan Democrats did not vote for Mr. Parker. Do the differences which have eventuated thus fatally continue irreconcilable now when success seems almost within reach? What reason is there to believe that, left to themselves, the factions divided by the Alleghanies will coalesce without reserve? Can Eastern Democrats be induced to accord freely to Mr. Bryan the position, not of dictator, but of leader, which is rightfully his until the next candidate for President shall be named? Can Mr. Bryan be persuaded to desist from seeking truth in the well so constantly that his vision is circumscribed to his own image? Is a more tolerant, a more considerate, a more

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respectful attitude on both sides within the range of possible attainment?

Candor demands the admission that Eastern Democrats have been unjust to Mr. Bryan. To disavow what is honestly believed to be a false doctrine, even to oppose a policy regarded as fatal or wrong, may be and often is a conscientious duty. But to question a man's sincerity, to insinuate sordid motives, to discredit his purposes without cause or proof, is only to invite just resentment and swift retribution. It is not surprising that Mr. Bryan should still consider the seaboard metropolis, if not the enemy's country, at least as unfairly inimical.

MR. BRYAN AND THE EAST

But the East has no monopoly of wilful uncharitableness. When Mr. Bryan declares that any possible candidacy supported by the New York "World," the New York "Times" and "Harper's Weekly" "must be viewed with suspicion" he implies much that he must know to be unwarranted. Surely he must be aware that many years before he himself became a public character Joseph Pulitzer began a warfare upon plutocracy which has been continued unwaveringly and unceasingly. If ever there was a public journal of proven independence and unsusceptibility to wrongful influence everybody knows that the New York "World" is that newspaper. Nor can Mr. Bryan be ignorant of the consistently high-minded and conscientious course of the New York "Times." Of "Harper's Weekly" it suffices to say that the only man whose advice with respect to shaping its policy its present editor has ever sought or received is William Jennings Bryan. True, there have arisen differences of opinion, but Mr. Bryan has no reason whatever to assert that the views of those journals have been one whit less honest or less rightfully intentioned than his own, whose perfect sincerity may be granted. No fair-minded person can withhold admiration of Mr. Bryan's amazing prescience of popular tendencies, but events have seemed to demonstrate that, in a practical sense, it is no less fatal to be too far ahead of the procession than to linger too far behind. The time may come when the people will demand prohibition, for example, or government ownership or initiative, referendum and recall, but that time seemingly is not yet. Consequently, from motives of policy

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no less than of principle we suppose we should again differ with Mr. Bryan; but even so, should disagreement upon mere side issues be permitted to prevent unison in upholding fundamental truth?

Herein lies the opportunity of the unbiassed, uncommitted South, the mother of Democracy—to act not merely as umpire between these two factions, but to take the lead, to insist that resentments so ancient as to have become childish be buried, to demand from both greater consideration, more respect for and greater faith in one another, and to make it perfectly clear that manifestations of churlishness by either will meet with stern and effective rebuke.

THE MAN

Let the apportionment of responsibilities be even. The West has furnished the party, as well as the opposition, with the majority, though not the greatest, of its issues. The South is to enforce harmony and amalgamation. The East presents the man—Woodrow Wilson, the highly Americanized Scotch-Irishman, descended from Ohio, born in Virginia, developed in Maryland, married in Georgia, and now delivering from political bondage the State of New Jersey.

Great occasions find great men. Here is one who, if he had lived in the days of Jefferson and Madison, would have rivalled the one as a champion of the people and would have equalled the other in comprehension and lucid expression of fundamental law. No other living personality so happily combines the dominant traits of those two great statesmen; no other has evidenced so perfect a blending of profound knowledge and simple devotion to humanity; no other has shown so clearly how quickly the old truths will spring into new light and power when touched by the magic wand of full sincerity; no other more surely embodies the authority of sustained thought, of unremitting labor for unselfish ends, the spirit of sacrifice and devotion, the instinct of independence, the love of perfect freedom. Born a polemic and controversialist, intellectually combative and self-reliant; fearless to the verge of temerity; indifferent to applause or censure for its own sake; incapable of intrigue; prompt to accept conclusions based upon right *versus* wrong without inquiring or caring whether they be politic or even expedient; persuasive in oratory, but devoid of artifice; too intent, too earnest to employ cheap and paltry de-

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vices; his pockets filled with moral dynamite; his every thought springing from knowledge that all of the basic principles in our political order, including conservatism, emerged from the well of the most radical democracy, and that democracy itself is only letting in light and air; at the height of his powers of intellect and judgment; upon the high plateau of middle life, best adapted to noble and enduring achievement, stands the man, the liberal, the progressive, the radical, if you will, wide-eyed, open-minded, calm, resolute, exact in thought, effective in action, the most vivid and virile personality, save one, developed on American soil in half a century. Such, without exaggeration or undue emphasis, is Woodrow Wilson.

The old South has bred great statesmen from the beginning of the Republic. To her greatest, the peerless son of Virginia, we owe the political emancipation of the people from oligarchical rule and the establishment of the political party which has survived the assaults of a century. Now let the new South give to the new Democracy another true leader, armed with the power of his faith in the people and their faith in him, and the quickened spirit which enabled Jefferson to break the bonds of paternalism will again become the glory of the Nation.

THE EDITOR.

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THE NAVY AND ITS NEEDS

BY REAR-ADMIRAL S. B. LUCE, U.S.N.

History furnishes some notable examples of the degeneration of navies after a great war. It is the natural result of action and reaction. Such was the experience of the United States Navy following the Civil War. For twenty years after the close of that war the United States had dropped out of the list of naval powers.

In undertaking the building up of the "new navy,"* as it has been called with questionable propriety, there are certain well-established facts that must be taken into account. First of all, we are, as a people, averse to "entangling alliances." We abjure the use of force. We "seek peace and ensue it." The genius of our people lies in the direction of trade, commerce, the industries and the development of the vast resources of the country. We have no known enemies. Our only fear, and that a remote one, is in being drawn into the quarrels of others.

President Taft well expressed the feeling of our people when he declared recently that all international disputes should be settled by arbitration. But while awaiting the establishment of the International Court of Arbitral Justice, so earnestly advocated by Mr. Root, when Secretary of State, every American must subscribe to the sound views of Mr. Roosevelt as expressed in his address before the Nobel Prize Commission—to wit: "*Each nation must keep well prepared to defend itself until the establishment of some form of international police power competent and willing*

* "The Forty-seventh Congress during its sessions of 1881-82 and 1882-83 authorized the construction of three steel cruisers and one steel despatch-boat. These ships were the nucleus of the New American Navy, the development of which, in peace, has potently aided the upbuilding of numerous industries of the nation and the achievements of which in war rival in glory and results those for which the Old Navy is justly famous." ("The New American Navy," by Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy.)

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to prevent violence as between nations."* That our development as a naval power is to proceed on those lines—the prevention of hostilities by preparation for them—has already been declared by Congress through its building programme of two first-class battleships a year and by its liberal appropriations for the maintenance of the naval establishment. Such being the naval policy of Congress, it is in order to examine into the constituents of a navy to the end that a healthy, all-round growth may be assured.

With the regeneration of the United States Navy in 1881 there arose the necessity for the adoption of three measures of the highest importance—namely:

1. The placing of the administration of the affairs of the navy on a war footing.
2. The creation of a fleet.
3. The establishment of naval bases.

The first measure is in a fair way of accomplishment. The second, a fleet, is an accomplished fact, leaving only the third measure to be considered.

In the building up of a navy the public mind seems to be centred on ships alone. Tables are published from time to time showing the comparative strength of navies as measured by the number of battleships of each country, together with their tonnage and gun power. Engrossed by the continued development of the battleship, we overlook the important fact that there should be maintained a fixed ratio between tonnage and personnel. With the increase of number and size of battleships, moreover, comes the increased demand for the means of taking proper care of them, which necessitates ample docking facilities and repair-shops. Keeping the under body of a battleship clean enables her to maintain her normal speed (her cruising radius) without an undue expenditure of coal (or oil), a very important factor during hostilities. A battleship should be docked for cleaning at least once every six months.

But the very important item in the process of naval development is the establishment of naval bases. A base, in a military sense, is simply a basis of operations or a point from which supplies may be drawn.† A naval base means that and much more.

* Mr. Roosevelt's address at Christiania, Norway, May 5th, 1910.

† "The first point in a plan of operations is to be assured of a good base; this name is applied to the extent of the frontiers of a state from whence

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The term "naval base," it may be observed, is new to our naval vocabulary. Naval students knew of such things only through reading of them. For, having no fleet, naval bases did not enter as a factor into our naval life. Our first ships after the termination of the Revolutionary War—those built during the latter part of the eighteenth century—were set up, some of them at least, in private shipyards which were conveniently located for the purpose. These were utilized by the Secretary of the Navy and their purchase was subsequently authorized by Congress. Such was the shipyard owned by John Jackson. It was situated on or near a mud flat on Wallabout Bay, Brooklyn, New York. It was here that the "Adams," a small twenty-eight-gun frigate, was built for the Government by Jackson in 1779. It seems to have been the policy of that day to utilize whatever happened to be at hand and to make the most of it. Those private shipyards, coming under Government control, gradually took on the character of, and came to be known as, navy-yards. They served their purpose in their day, but for some of them that day has long passed. The utilitarian policy no longer obtains. In looking to the further growth of the navy, we must adjust, and readjust, our focus to modern conditions, as they grow and expand, that all the various elements that go to make up a navy may be seen in their true proportions and their proper relations. The old navy-yards were naval bases only in such a very limited sense that they were never known as such. The selection of sites was dictated by utility, not by reason of their strategic position or their value in a military sense.

In fitting out a fleet and its auxiliaries during war, or in anticipation of war, a permanent naval base in a situation favorable for operations in the field of hostilities is of the first importance. After a battle a naval base is a necessity, whatever may be the result of an engagement. We know from recent naval history that even a victorious fleet will suffer serious losses and will be obliged, in parts at least, to fall back on its base for supplies and repairs. If worsted in the fight, then the whole fleet, or what is left of it, will have to seek the shelter of its base, and badly damaged ships—ships, perhaps, in a sinking condition—must be speedily

an army will draw its resources and reinforcements; that from whence it will have to depart for an offensive expedition and where it will find a refuge in time of need."—JOMINI.

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docked, or beached, or go down in deep water. A naval base, moreover, is necessary for the assembling of the reserves of battleships of the second category—ships with all but perishable stores on board and ready at short notice to fill gaps in the line of battle. A glance at foreign Naval Powers will show the military value attached to naval bases and to the imperative necessity of organizing the reserves of the line of battle.

The great military ports of England, Germany, France, Russia, Italy and Japan serve as illustrations in point. After the unification of Italy in 1859 there was constructed at Spezia a dockyard that for capacity and completeness was equal to all of our navy-yards of that day combined. It was designed for nine building-slips and ten dry docks. At Kiel and at Wilhelmshaven the Germans boast of two of the finest dockyards in the world, the creation of recent years. The magnificent roadstead and dockyard of the former (Kiel) has been rendered impregnable by the defensive works planned by a commission presided over by von Moltke himself. Wilhelmshaven, with its three dry docks, each one capable of taking in a battleship of 25,000 tons displacement, gives one an idea of what constitutes a primary or permanent naval base. In addition to these, there was begun in May, 1909, at Brunsbettel on the Elbe, just at the entrance of the Kiel Canal, two dry docks which surpass any yet constructed. They are in length 330 metres (1,072.50 feet) and 45 metres (146.25 feet) wide, to cost thirty million marks.

England, fully alive to the possibilities of the near future, has established new naval bases at Malta, Gibraltar (new by reason of the new dry docks), Dover and Rosyth. It is the intention of the Admiralty, according to recent reports, to establish still another naval base. Harwich, on the North Sea, is the place designated. It is already strongly fortified. The old dockyards at Chatham, Sheerness, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Pembroke and others no longer suffice. The Government dry dock No. 1 at Gibraltar is 863 feet long and 95 feet wide. The harbor recently opened at Dover is said to be the largest artificial harbor in the world. It encloses an area sufficient for the accommodation of a fleet of twenty-five first-class battleships and auxiliaries. Dover harbor was begun in 1898 and is said to have cost $20,000,000.

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"This harbor has taken eleven years to construct and has cost the Government $20,000,000. By its erection the ancient English port of Dover has been transformed into a powerful naval base. The reason for this transformation is not far to seek. It is the policy of the British Admiralty to have the strength and bulk of their ships lie nearest their strongest rival. That rival to-day is Germany, hence the desirability of equipping Dover with an efficiently protected harbor, where the ships can lie safely at anchor and yet be in a position to strike quickly at the North Sea."*

Rosyth, on the north side of the Firth of Forth, Scotland, is now nearing completion.† Japan has at Yokohama three dry docks and four at Yokosuka. The French have their principal military ports at Brest, Cherbourg, Toulon and Bizerta, near Tunis, where there are three dry docks. Then we have Port Arthur and Vladivostok as other examples of great military ports.

In the scheme for the rehabilitation of the Chinese navy, one of the very first steps has been the establishment of a primary naval base. This has been done, not at one of the commercial ports, but at Hai Fu Wan in Nimrod Sound. This strategic point bears about the same relative position to the Sea of Japan that Dover (England) does to the North Sea.

There are *military* ports, it may be observed in passing, and there are *commercial* ports. Out of the experience of long and exhausting wars, as in the past between England and France, the importance of certain harbors on either side of the Channel and in the Mediterranean became manifest. They were those most conveniently situated for projecting naval campaigns against an enemy and as harbors of refuge in cases of disaster or defeat. They were the principal strategic points within the theatre of belligerent operations. As bases for such operations they gradually developed into military ports. In the absence of the stern school of war naval students, in anticipation of possible hostilities of the future, have determined the most important strategic points on their coasts for the establishment of naval bases, such as we have seen at Wilhelmshaven in Germany, and Dover, England, and Rosyth in Scotland, looking to coming events forcing the centre of disturbance in the

* The recent proposition to fortify the mouth of the Scheldt with a view to the establishment there of a naval base is fraught with danger. If carried into effect it would not only prove a serious menace to England, but would lead, undoubtedly, to international complications of the gravest character.

† See "Engineering" of March 13th, 1908.

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North Sea. Commercial ports, on the other hand, grow out of the necessities of commercial enterprises without regard to military considerations.

The following in regard to German naval bases is taken from a recent English paper:*

"Wilhelmshaven and Emden, Borkum and Heligoland,† the greatest quadrilateral of naval fortresses the world has ever beheld, are nearing completion. Within two-thirds of a day's steaming of the British coasts, within half a day's reach to the entrance of the Baltic, they proclaim to the world that Germany is preparing for a great naval conflict."

The recent transfer of the principal German naval base from Kiel to Wilhelmshaven

"is the announcement that the fortified island of Borkum combines with Emden to accentuate the importance of the Ems estuary in the new scheme for the future, while Borkum connects with Heliogoland through the impassable chain of the East Frisian Islands; and Heligoland—the northern Gibraltar—closes to an enemy the estuaries of the Weser and the Elbe and completes, with the mighty fortress harbor of Wilhelmshaven, the vast quadrilateral, Emden, Borkum, Heligoland, Wilhelmshaven, which encloses in its enormous bastion configuration—one hundred miles long on each of its faces and sixty on each of its flanks—a score of islands bristling with forts, together with linking positions on the mainland of huge strength and extent. The great waterways of the Ems, the Weser and the Elbe bring the resources of populous provinces to the wharves and quays. A vast system of strategic railways can carry thousands of trained soldiers to the mighty embarkation docks of Emden. It is appalling to think of the situation if those unparalleled preparations and armaments represent enemies or rivals."

The foregoing, while somewhat hysterical in style, presents some interesting features of Germany's naval projects and conveys a good idea of what constitutes a permanent naval base of the first order. From *our* point of view the great works the writer describes are all in the interests of peace. From an examination of these and other of the great military ports of the world we are led to conclude that the constituents of a naval base of the first order are, roughly speaking, about as follows:

1. Its situation must be at the best strategic point within the area under consideration.

2. It must afford a safe harbor for a fleet of at least from twenty-five to thirty battleships with their auxiliaries, aggregating a total of about sixty heavy-draught ships and numerous small craft.

* "Pall Mall Gazette," April 8th, 1910.

† Heligoland is an islet only about one-fifth of a square mile in area.

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3. Such anchorage must be within the lines of defence.

4. It must afford ample docking facilities, at one and the same time, at least four ships of 45,000 tons displacement, each of, say, thirty-eight feet draught.

5. The interior lines of communication to the sources of supply should be such as may be fully secured in time of war.

6. It should be easy of access and egress and admit at mean low water, and without constant recourse to dredging, ships of the heaviest draught of water—say, thirty-eight feet.*

7. It should be in proximity to a community able to furnish skilled labor in the departments of iron shipbuilding and marine enginery.

8. The facilities of the neighborhood for furnishing the materials which enter into these industries should be ample.

9. The character of the soil of the littoral should be such that the dry docks and wet basins in numbers sufficient to meet all probable demands of the future can be constructed at moderate cost and its area sufficient for all the structures that may be needed for a repairing yard and a naval arsenal combined.

10. It should enjoy a salubrious climate.

11. It should be difficult to blockade.

With the exception of Wilhelmshaven and one or two other of the great military ports of Europe, it is not to be assumed that all these conditions can be found at any one place. But accepting the principal points, it is plain that the United States has no naval bases. All the components of naval bases exist save only the will to assemble them.

Twenty years ago America had no fleet. All the various parts that go to make up a battleship lay scattered about in every direction. By the exercise of the creative power the thousand and one units have been marshalled into order, and first a battleship and then a fleet have sprung into existence. So far so good. But our naval development has been one-sided. In the ardor of building a fleet naval bases have been overlooked. In this respect the constructive genius is still wanting. We have navy-yards, naval

* We have not yet reached the limit of size of ships. The White Star liners "Olympic" and "Titanic" are 860 feet long, 92 feet beam and at 37½ feet draught have a displacement of 60,000 tons. These ships could be docked at Gibraltar.

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rendezvous; but, in a technical sense, we have no naval bases. The elements have yet to be assembled. This one-sided growth is not progress. We may double the number of battleships and still make no naval progress unless the other constituents of sea power keep pace with the building programme.

With the development of the battleship goes, or should go, the development of all that makes her an efficient instrument of war; her motive power, armament, personnel, munitions, victualing, means of repairing, docking, and so forth. And as battleships increase in numbers and size so must all the heterogeneous elements that contribute to their efficiency increase, otherwise there is no real naval progress. The visible manifestations—the great ships and their war-like appearance—delude the public into thinking increase of tonnage is progress. Those of the profession know better. It is their duty to point out defects and instance cases of retarded development in the several parts.

On examining the map of our Atlantic seaboard, to which this discussion is confined, three principal strategic points* at once attract attention: Narragansett Bay, Chesapeake Bay and the Florida Keys. Chesapeake Bay has the making of a permanent or primary naval base. In the days of the old navy, Hampton Roads fulfilled all the requirements of our little floating force. Fort Monroe furnished the necessary defence, and the navy-yard at Norfolk, established in 1801, with its narrow approaches and limited facilities, was equal to the light demands made upon it. Those advantages no longer suffice. The army is already planning for an advanced line of defences. In 1906 the "Taft National Coast Defence Board," so called because the Hon. William H. Taft, then Secretary of War, was its president, in recommending the fortification of the entrance of Chesapeake Bay reported in part as follows:

"Commercially and strategically Chesapeake Bay is to-day, as it always has been, of the very first importance. With the entrance unfortified, as it is now, should a hostile fleet gain control of the sea, it could establish a base on its shores without coming under the fire of a single gun. It could pass in and out at pleasure, have access to large quantities of supplies

* "Every point in the theatre of war which should have a military importance, either from its situation at the centre of communication or from military establishments and fortified works of whatever description which would have an influence over the strategic field, will be, in reality, a territorial or geographical strategic point—not a geometrical point."—JOMINI.

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of all kinds and paralyze the great trunk railway lines crossing the head of the bay." (Coast Defence of the United States Report, February 1st, 1906.)

The proposition is to create an artificial island on the Middle Ground whereon to erect a fort mounting heavy guns. These, with heavy guns on Capes Charles and Henry, would effectually close the entrance of the bay to an enemy.

If, coincident with the construction of these defensive works by the army, the navy should build up-to-date dry docks at some carefully selected point in the bay for the docking of the 30,000-ton ships now provided for, Chesapeake Bay would become in time a naval base of the first order.

Key West, Florida, is the most important strategic point on the southern coast. The prospect of the early completion of the Panama Canal emphasizes its value from a naval point of view. Its great natural advantages have been materially enhanced by the construction of the Florida East Coast Railway, which connects it with the mainland. An interesting report on Key West as a naval base will be found in the " Congressional Record " of April 5th, 1910, page 4436.

Guantanamo, Cuba, is valuable as an advanced post or rendezvous for the same reasons that apply to Key West. In the event of the Caribbean Sea becoming the theatre of naval operations, it would prove as a strategic point of very great importance. It cannot, however, come within the category of permanent naval bases, unless Congress should authorize the expenditure of money for defensive work, machine-shops and dry docks. Situated in an alien country and its lines of communication and sources of supply liable to be cut off by an enemy, its defences should be of the most formidable character. It would still be wanting in skilled labor.

Limon Bay, Panama, itself furnishes an advanced naval base. The entrance to the Canal must be strongly fortified and ample docking facilities will without doubt be provided: dry docks of at least 1,000 feet in length and wide in proportion.

At the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Convention, Norfolk, Virginia, November 17-20, 1909, President Taft is quoted as speaking of Norfolk as the " most important navy-yard and navy base that we have in the United States . . . and

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Chesapeake Bay as the greatest strategical point of naval rendezvous in the United States."

Accepting that authoritative statement, it may be confidently affirmed that next after Chesapeake Bay comes Narragansett Bay, which is the "greatest strategical point of naval rendezvous" north of the Capes of Virginia. Narragansett Bay seems to have been intended by nature for a permanent naval base of the first order.

English naval officers who had become familiar with our coasts and harbors were quick to recognize that fact at an early day. In 1773-74 British engineers made a careful study of Narragansett Bay with a view to the establishment of an extensive naval station with dry docks, shipyards, marine hospital and a system of fortifications. In a report to the Board of Admiralty, under whose instructions the work was undertaken, it is stated that:

"The whole bay is an excellent man-of-war harbor, affording good anchorage, sheltered in every direction and capacious enough for the whole of His Majesty's navy were it increased fourfold. There are no dangerous ledges or shoals within the bay or near its entrance, which is easy of access with all winds. Another advantage it possesses over any other harbor on the northern coast in the winter season is that it is very seldom obstructed by ice, and the tide is not sufficiently strong to render drift ice dangerous to ships lying at anchor. The harbor has not been frozen up so as to prevent ships coming in to safe anchorage since 1740, and the oldest inhabitants do not recollect to have heard that it was ever so frozen up before since the settlement of the colony. It has other advantages that cannot be found elsewhere in America. A whole fleet may go out under way and sail from three to five leagues on a tack, get the trim of the ships and exercise the men within the bay, secure from attack from an enemy. The vicinity of the ocean is such that in one hour a fleet may be from their anchorage to sea or from the sea to safe anchorage in one of the best natural harbors the world affords. Its central situation also in His Majesty's North-American colonies and its proximity to the West Indies are advantages worthy of consideration, as it regards the protection of every part of His Majesty's widely extended possession in this quarter. . . .

"Whether it is feasible of defence is a question which your lordship [the Earl of Sandwich] very justly considers of the highest importance and to which my particular attention is directed. . . . Of expense I say nothing. . . . Suffice it to say that it is completely feasible and that the importance of the position as a naval station is worth the expense, be what it may."

Written one hundred and thirty-seven years ago, the natural advantages pointed out in this report which Narragansett Bay affords as a naval station exists to-day, while the defensive works suggested in the report have been thor-

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oughly carried out by our own military engineers. The breaking out of the Revolutionary War put a stop to all further proceedings in this direction on the part of the English Admiralty.

Mr. Joshua Humphreys, Naval Constructor, who designed the "Constitution" class of forty-four-gun frigates, having been ordered by the Secretary of the Navy under date of January 29th, 1802, to examine sites for naval stations on the eastern coast, reported, in part, as follows:

"Having compared and considered the advantages and disadvantages of situation, with capacity of harbor, depth of water, rise of tide, expense in building docks, prices of land, facility of navigation and capability of defence previously stated at each port, I am decidedly of opinion that Newport, Rhode Island, is by far the most suitable port for the establishment of dry docks and a great naval port for our navy for the ease and safety of entry at all seasons of the year. Its eligibility, in preference to any other eastern port, is universally acknowledged. The principal and only objection is the great expense of fortification, which may amount to more than a million of dollars."

Under date of April 25th, 1802, the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Robert Smith, transmitted to the President the report of Mr. Humphreys. In the letter of transmittal the Secretary wrote:

"Mr. Humphreys was also instructed to examine the different ports and harbors eastward of New York with a view to the selection of the situation for one of the docks for repairing ships directed by Congress. . . . His report on that subject corresponds with the opinion the Secretary of the Navy has long entertained from the best lights in his power that Newport, Rhode Island, affords advantages which give it a superiority over other places. . . . It is easy of access and can be gained under circumstances which would render it almost impossible for a ship in a crippled state to reach any other port to the eastward of Chesapeake Bay. It has a capacious and very safe harbor in all kinds of weather, and it is the very point of which a maritime enemy would endeavor to get possession for the purpose of annoying our own coast, our own trade and of cutting off one-half the maritime strength of our country from the other half.

"The objection to this place is the expense of fortifying it. . . . France or England could take possession of Rhode Island and make it a second Gibraltar."

No one can read the exhaustive report of Mr. Humphreys, to which the Secretary gives such hearty approval, without feeling that he was thoroughly well qualified to deal with the subject under discussion.

Our own officers were not slow to recognize the importance of these waters from a naval as well as a military point of view. Agreeably to the terms of a Senate resolu-

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tion of February 13th, 1817, a mixed commission of naval officers and officers of the United States Army Engineer Corps examined and reported upon a proper site "for a naval depot, rendezvous and dockyard" east of Delaware Bay. The commissioners were General Swift and Colonel McRee of the Corps of the United States Engineers and Commodore Bainbridge and Captains Samuel Evans and Oliver H. Perry of the Navy.

As between Boston and Newport Commodore Bainbridge preferred the former, as it was "favorably situated for obtaining timber for shipbuilding"—all the others favoring Narragansett Bay. The majority report, dated Navy-Yard, New York, October 30th, 1817, states that:

"The commissioners (except one, Commodore Bainbridge) are of the opinion that Narragansett Bay presents the best site for a naval depot in the Union north of Chesapeake Bay. . . .

"An examination of this bay has satisfied the commissioners (with one exception) that the best site for a great *naval depot east of Chesapeake Bay* is to be found in this bay (Narragansett) and the various positions upon the waters of it. . . .

"The commissioners have in their survey and examination only determined where it will be best to locate a *great naval depot* and where sites for defence should be selected."*

The three lookout stations at Gay Head, Block Island and Montauk Point, which in time of war would give notice of the approach of an enemy's fleet, gives an exceptional advantage to Narragansett Bay as a naval base. It is the natural outpost of New York City. As an industrial centre it ranks high. During the Civil War a firm in Providence, Rhode Island, made a large quantity of shot and shell for the navy and more than 300 6.4-inch guns. Since 1891 the same firm has made for the United States Government seventy-three 12-inch breech-loading rifled mortars with cast-iron bodies hooped with steel and fifty with steel bodies similarly hooped. Altogether Narragansett Bay and its tributaries can furnish all the skilled labor a naval base could need during peace or in time of war. The fact that it has a channel forty feet deep which can be carried ten miles up from the entrance, and that, too, without dredging, furnishes another advantage enjoyed by no other harbor on our Atlantic seaboard.

On the northwest shore near Greenwich will be found an excellent place for a fresh-water basin for destroyers, tor-

* This admirable report may be read with profit to-day.

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pedo-boats and small craft generally, an advantage that can be claimed by no other harbor on the coast save Philadelphia, which is too far from the sea.

The one and only objection to Narragansett Bay in 1773, 1802 and 1817 as "a great naval port" was the expense of fortifying it. That objection has been overcome. Narragansett Bay is now well fortified. It has, therefore, all the constituents of a naval base of the first order save the docking facilities. It only awaits the time when its exceptional advantages shall have been passed upon officially by a duly appointed mixed commission of army and navy officers, as has been our practice in the past, and the question of its adoption taken up by Congress.

It was a very wise move to establish a naval base at Pearl Harbor, two thousand miles off the coast of California. It would be equally wise to establish one at home right at our door. The argument against the establishment of a naval base in Narragansett Bay is that we have too many naval stations already and that the administration would scarcely be justified in asking Congress for the large sum necessary to erect another and an entirely new one. That question is for Congress to decide, not for the navy. It is for Congress to decide whether the paramount necessities of the entire country are to be sacrificed to the political interests of localities having little or no military value.

We have seen from what has been said the importance, from a military point of view, attached to naval bases by the great naval Powers abroad. We have noticed that naval bases are not placed up narrow streams nor at commercial centres. It has been made plain that naval bases are at the most important strategic points near the sea and that, while easily accessible to friends, they are yet strongly fortified against foes.

To recapitulate: The question of naval bases has not been until recently seriously considered for reasons not far to seek. As long as America had no fleet the need of naval bases did not exist. With the regeneration of the navy and the creation of a fleet the establishment of naval bases became a prime necessity. Again: The great majority of Americans are prone to shut their eyes to the possibilities of war, hence they are averse to preparing for such a contingency. The Spanish War was an illustration of that fact. Is the next war to prove that we are incapable of profiting by the mis-

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takes of the Civil War and of the war with Spain? But the principal reason why the question of naval bases received no consideration was the defective system of naval administration commonly known as the "Bureau System," now happily extinct.

Bureaus are indispensable to any form of naval administration, under what name so ever they may be designated. But they all had to do with *matèriel* and belonged to the civil branch of naval administration. The military branch did not exist. The sole reason for the existence of the Navy Department and its several bureaus is the preparation for war. One of the first essentials in war is the mapping out of naval campaigns and one of the essentials in campaigns is naval bases. The subject of naval campaigns, in which naval strategy forms so large a part, can be dealt with only by specialists, and the "Bureau System" discouraged the training of specialists in the very branch to which the Navy Department owes its existence—the art of war.

The current work of the Navy Department was, and still is, ably carried on by specialists in the arts of *ordnance, navigation, naval architecture, steam engineering* and the rest, but, strange to say, there was no specialist in the art of war, the art to which the Navy Department owes its existence, as we have already stated. The art of war includes the subject of naval strategy and naval strategy deals with naval bases. One of the chief requisites of a naval base is that it shall be placed in the most advantageous strategic point in the field of possible operations. These points can be determined only by careful study of the question in all its bearings, and when the site has been settled much time and money is required for its development. Military history furnishes examples of fortifications erected at great cost of time and labor only to serve as monuments to the lack of foresight of those who designed them. The point selected was of no strategic importance. It is a curious fact that the navy, up to the present time, has failed to appreciate its own character as a strictly military organization. A one-sided development seems no longer possible. The "Bureau System," by which is meant the control of the navy by independent bureaus belonging to the civil branch of the Navy Department, has no part in the "new navy."

S. B. Luce.

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FOGAZZARO'S LAST ROMANCE—"LEILA"

BY RUTH EGERTON

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO'S last work, "Leila," the long-expected, much-talked-of-in-advance romance, has only recently been published in Milan. It is—or purposes to be—a "romance"; and it is a very long work of nearly five hundred pages, which has obviously been very carefully written without any haste and in a calm and reflective spirit.

We have presented to us as the heroine and hero in chief (for there are several *sub* heroines and heroes in this piece) Lelia and Massimo. "Lelia," not Leila, is the heroine's real name, in spite of the title-page of the novel, a somewhat puzzling distinction and one which is not explained to the reader until about page twenty-nine. She is a young and rather good-looking girl, adopted by a wealthy old man, Marcello Trento, and his delicate wife chiefly because they had both been opposed to her betrothal to their adored only son Andrea, who died before the marriage took place. They, as it were, make an act of atonement to his memory by adopting his betrothed as their daughter, thereby also rescuing Lelia from the sordid and repulsive surroundings of her real home in Padua, where her immoral and most undesirable father lives, separated from his wife and ruled over by a housekeeper of more than shady character. Her mother, who has likewise had "a past," is described as having become pious, living in Milan, occasionally writing to her daughter religious-sick letters.

The hero, Massimo Alberti, is the much-loved friend of the above-named Andrea Trento, to whom Andrea had poured forth all his lover's dreams and fancies, but who yet never during Andrea's lifetime saw Andrea's betrothed in the flesh, although certain photographs shown to him of her produced very remarkable impressions on his mind. He is by way of studying medicine and lives with an eccentric

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and well-to-do old uncle in Milan, but he is more actively employed in propaganda, holding conferences and giving lectures on the critical religious questions of the day (all of which are curtly described by his shrewd and matter-of-fact old relative as "*Bellissim rob che conclüden nient*").* Massimo has, whilst a student in Rome, fallen under the influence of the famous Pietro Maironi (Fogazzaro's old love "*Il Santo*") and become his devoted disciple and admirer; and here we come to the pivot on which the whole so-called *romanzo* turns—Massimo is, at any rate for a considerable part of the book, such an exaggerated species of echo of the *Santo* that we feel convinced that Fogazzaro conceived him and undoubtedly wrote this last book to revive the memory of "*Il Santo,*" and to indirectly vindicate his own religious theories which have been severely treated by the authorities whilst reiterating (not only by Massimo, but also by the mouth of one of the priest characters in the book) his constant protestations of loyalty to the Catholic faith.

To all students of Fogazzaro's novels, this more or less veiled representation of the author's own opinions, this identification of himself with one of the chief characters in his work, is the current which, underlying his romances, has aroused that real (and, to superficial readers, sometimes almost inexplicable) interest which his works undeniably do.

In "Leila" three types of priests are introduced, all good, all seemingly life-like and all enunciating religious views from their different standpoints: Don Aurelio (another admirer of the *Santo* and friend and master of Massimo), who is the humble-minded, self-denying parish priest, fairly well educated, a close and liberal follower of the Gospel teachings, who receives into his house the sick old *colporteur* convicted of selling Protestant Bibles and whom nobody would consequently take in, regardless of what might be imputed to him for so doing by his superiors and his neighbors; Don Tito, the archpriest of Velo d'Astico (the mountainous district in which the scene of the romance is chiefly laid), with his good-humored, rough, unpolished ways, red-faced and not overclean, sharp and decisive, but not, as a rule, hard-hearted, of lowish birth himself and over-appreciative of rank in another, attached to traditional ways of doing things; Don Emanuele, his chaplain, the nephew of

* Milanese dialect: "Very fine things which come to nothing."

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a cardinal, of good birth, narrow-minded and full of unconscious spiritual pride, ascetic, making a fetish of tradition—all three absolutely *sans reproche* as to their mode of living and all three of them good priests—Fogazzaro handled these characters with ease—one feels he had met them and known them in real life. When, however, he came to the *romanzo,* to his hero and heroine, to his would-be impassioned love scenes and melodramatic suicidal attempts, then, as in some of his other novels, his hitherto light touch becomes heavy, his effects labored, and *alla fine* we have offered to us for our admiration an impossible unlovable couple, of exaggerated self-conscious, neurasthenic and tediously introspective tendencies, from whom we turn away, often bored and sometimes even slightly disgusted.

With all their almost Oriental love of minutiæ, so much more fully developed, as a rule, than with English people, the Italians surely cannot—we hope they cannot—acknowledge Lelia and Massimo as a typical Italian young woman and young man? Pages and pages are devoted to Lelia's spasms and "*sussulti*" and wonderings whether she likes or ever will like Massimo Alberti or not; and equally long and tiresome are Massimo's doubts on the same subject and his letters to his friend Donna Fedele Vaila di Brea (a subheroine of the book), to whom he confides the conduct of his very lengthy love-affair with Lelia. This "Donna Fedele" is a most important character, and indeed so much of the book is taken up with her and her goings-on that it might quite as appropriately have been entitled, instead of "Leila," "Donna Fedele." Donna Fedele, a lady of about fifty-six and who in extreme youth fell passionately in love with Andrea's father, Marcello Trento, appears to us, as drawn by Fogazzaro (whether intentionally or not is somewhat difficult to decide), a perfect type of a saintly busybody. She is, in spite of her extremely bad health, literally everywhere. She interviews the priests inimical to Don Aurelio her particular friend, she visits the sick poor, including the old renegade *colporteur* whose proceedings get Don Aurelio into serious trouble, she teaches the young peasant girl French, she volunteers to tackle Lelia on the subject of her desired marriage with Massimo—"desired," that is to say, by Lelia's adopted father, who sees in the marriage the only solution of the problem of whom to leave his property securely to and away from Lelia's own ob-

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noxious belongings. She has her really pious finger in every pie and she is withal profoundly and deplorably tactless! The poor lady finally atones for her continuously foolish treatment of Lelia, and for her lack of judgment in showing Massimo's letters to her (thereby driving that excitable young lady to commit an extremely rash and foolish act) by dying herself, her death being caused by her neglecting to have an urgently necessary operation performed and travelling instead to rescue Lelia from the awkward position in which the latter has got herself into by going to find Massimo alone in an out-of-the-way mountain village! We do not quite know whether the author means us to admire and love Donna Fedele—but we are afraid we do neither one nor the other. She is, in spite of her goodness, a tiresome female and would not have made Marcello Trento a happy man had her affection for him been requited in the days of their youth.

The chapter entitled "*Forbici,*" which concerns Lelia and her sentiments, goes with a certain amount of swing, and we can raise a good deal of sympathy for her when we read first her dialogue with Massimo and then with the (also) all-pervading *Cameriera* Teresina; there is a great deal too much, though, throughout of spying and talking and interviewing of each other's lady's-maids; and one bit of almost unparalleled bathos must not be passed over—so redolent is it of the "prunes and prisms" of Italian growth. Lelia is very slowly and carefully preparing herself to commit suicide by drowning herself in a mountain torrent, and she has written a good-by letter in which she informs Donna Fedele that she is going to die "*non so perche.*" . . . "She does not know why [*sic*], but still less does she know why she should live," and so forth. Then, changing her mind, she tears it all up and puts a photograph of Andrea instead upon the writing-table with the words written beneath it, "*4 Luglio . . . Vengo. . . .*" She washes an ink stain off her finger, passes several minutes in deciding whether she shall take or leave behind a little chain purse given her by Andrea—and then full, as she presumably must be, of this awful resolution to take her own life for no reason whatever, what does she next do? . . . She deliberately goes and cuts off a piece of the curtain cord to take with her, for the purpose of "tying round her petticoats" before the final plunge into the torrent, to thereby prevent their "*becoming*

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disarranged and so *scoprire le gambe!*". "*O mi povr'om!*" as Donna Fedele's worthy old cousin Eufemia might justly here exclaim. It seems almost incredible that, side by side with the great literary powers he possessed, such incapability of seeing the ludicrous should exist; but the (to us) ponderous quality of Fogazzaro's humor is not only to be found in the above instance—many more might be quoted in which, for example, Donna Fedele's so-called "*solito umorismo fine*" ("customary fine sense of humor") crushes us with its lifeless weight, as when Cousin Eufemia's old shawl is repeatedly made the object of her witticisms; or, again, when (with rather doubtful taste and an unintentional profanity) the author dwells on and repeats as evidently being rather a good thing that the archpriest Tito, his chaplain, and his sister-in-law are nicknamed or referred to by the names of the Trinity, and so forth. However, humor is a tricky steed to mount, and it is just possible that what appear to us to be elephantine gambols may strike others in the light of fairy caperings.

With all these drawbacks to our perfect enjoyment of his *romanzo* there is, as one goes on reading it, a curious sensation as of seeing the author's portraits and characters being slowly engraved and cut out before one's eyes; and if, as so many Italians assert, his portraits are faithful we must accept them as being of a school of art foreign to us, but none the less true portraits and high art. In a certain sense (though we consider him on the whole his inferior) Antonio Fogazzaro reminds us of Anthony Trollope. The two Anthonys both spare no time or trouble in the turning out of their characters—and both produce the literary equivalent of some finely, minutely painted picture of "A Dutch Interior" by Gerard Dow—each stroke finished, nothing passed over, nothing omitted. Both, too, write, as it were, of things already left, or being left, behind. Their best books are those which deal with a past rather than a present generation, and signs of labored effort and a straining to keep abreast of the most modern times becomes apparent at once when they cease to write of those things which they have passed the greater portion of their lives in living among and seeing around them. To read the "*Piccolo Mondo Antico*" and then "Barchester Towers" is to arrive at the conclusion that Antony Fogazzaro is Italy's Trollope and Anthony Trollope is the Fogazzaro of England. Another feature

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accentuating this resemblance is the so frequent choice of their subject. Both write of the religious life in their respective countries, but (a great "But") Fogazzaro was a Catholic and Trollope was not, and — Protestants rush in where Catholics fear to tread. The outspoken, almost immoderate, criticism of all persons and things in the ecclesiastical world of Barchester must necessarily be lacking in the Catholic novel, though indeed Fogazzaro runs his fellow author often very close in this respect; yet there is always a feeling that even after he has caused one of his characters to enunciate some rather terrific anti-clerical sentiment he has done so rather with an eye for the effect than of set purpose; that his rather snail-like propensities will lead him to draw in his horns when touched, and that Massimo's most fervid utterances of an un-orthodoxical character will be safeguarded on the next page by some qualifying remark from Don Aurelio! From a moral standpoint, though, this habit of Fogazzaro is most unsatisfactory of scattering broadcast through his books the tares with the wheat in the form of tentative remarks and questions put into the mouths of young men distinctly wobbly as to their own beliefs—*e. g.*, when Massimo, in one of his introspective epistles to Donna Fedele, writes thus after a detailed account of how he has lost his faith—or rather *one* of his faiths! "Peter" (he writes) "doubted Christ and Christ stretched forth a pitying hand to him. Will He not stretch it forth to him who doubts Peter if Peter himself will not stretch forth his?" (*vide* p. 318). This letter of Massimo reeks—there is no other word for it—of the now somewhat stale Modernist young-man flavor, and it is difficult to see the reason for publishing these anti-clerical platitudes but for the one above assigned, for in a few chapters further on the author makes Massimo again change his changeable mind and announce to Don Aurelio that he has "returned to Christ and the Church!" As far as the romantic side of the book goes, it is not very likely to become generally popular with the reading public outside the immediate circle of Fogazzaro's own school of admirers: and it is to be hoped that the chronicles of Massimo's grasshopper-like leaps from one form of belief, or doubt, to another will not do much harm to any Catholic who has an ounce of real religious conviction in him. The religious question, always to the fore in Italy in some form or another, occupies the greater portion of

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"*Leila,*" and in that field of writing Fogazzaro was considered by his compatriots to be a past master. Had he entirely confined himself to that subject and left out Lelia and love incidents altogether he would, in our opinion, have produced a far better book, and by sticking to the track of dialectical discussion instead of losing his way in the paths of love he would have rendered fuller justice to himself and to his peculiar style of writing in this, his last romance. Taking it altogether, we do not think "*Leila*" will add much to the author's renown—its chief ingredients, love and religion, are not well mixed. We confess to not caring at all, so far, about Fogazzaro's young women nor much for his young men, and the perfect Italian religious novel, one which will not weary the reader by any of its contents, is (peace to "*Il Santo's*" shade!) still to be written. Fogazzaro was certainly the only Italian author who might have written it had not death stilled his hand and his doubts.

RUTH EGERTON.

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THE RECIPROCITY AGREEMENT AND BRITISH COLONIAL POLICY

BY EDWARD PORRITT

THE Dominion of Canada, in negotiation at Washington for a reciprocity agreement with the United States, shows the British colonial system, as it has been developed since 1841, at its best. These negotiations, whatever may be the fate of the reciprocity legislation in Congress, proclaim again the absolute freedom that Canada and the other oversea dominions have enjoyed since 1846 of making their own tariffs without regard to Great Britain and without regard to British manufacturing and commercial interests; and also the large powers of diplomacy which have been delegated to the dominions at least since 1891 when Canada negotiated a treaty of commerce with France. This large measure of freedom has been reached by three stages, all within the memory of people now living; and both the great political parties at Westminster—Conservative and Liberal—have had their part in helping the oversea dominions to the freedom in these matters that they now enjoy and can exercise whenever it is to their advantage to do so.

The first of these stages was reached in 1841. The American Revolution left Great Britain with only one great possession colonized by people of British descent. The development of South Africa, Australia and New Zealand had scarcely begun when the nineteenth century opened. Canada, from the breaking away of the American colonies until the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria, was the most important of Great Britain's colonial territories; and, consequently, it is in connection with the British North-American provinces that most of the developments that have resulted in the present unique and splendid position of the oversea dominions must be traced. Canada pioneered the way in this series of epoch-making changes. So much

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is this the case that, when once the constitutional position of Canada is understood, the constitutional position of the other oversea dominions — Australia, New Zealand and South Africa — becomes apparent. The freedom that these dominions enjoy may be said to be measured by the freedom of Canada, where between 1783 and 1858-59 were waged the struggles that resulted in self-government in the fullest sense of the term for all the larger oversea colonial possessions of Great Britain. Methods of government, that varied from time to time but that were much of the character of what is to-day known as crown-colony government and long-distance rule from Downing Street, brought about the rebellions of 1837, led in the Province of Quebec by Papineau and in Ontario by William Lyon Mackenzie. These outbreaks of 1837, the last in which British troops were used against British colonists in revolt, brought the Earl of Durham to Canada. Durham was the greatest Radical who was ever of the British peerage. He quickly realized that, with the provinces of Ontario and Quebec in revolt, Downing Street was faced by two alternatives. Troops must be sent out in sufficient numbers to hold the provinces under crown-colony rule, or a system of self-government must be established far in advance in democracy of anything with which Englishmen were familiar in Great Britain or in the British colonies.

In his memorable report of January, 1839—the greatest of all state documents affecting the colonial history of Great Britain — Durham deprecated military and crown-colony rule. He did more than deprecate it. He showed that, under conditions existing in Canada in 1839, such a reactionary scheme of government must fail; and he threw all his weight in favor of democratic self-government for Ontario and Quebec and also for Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, where, although there had been no open revolt as there had been in Upper and Lower Canada, much dissatisfaction prevailed with local political conditions. Self-government was conceded in 1841, and then began the development of the system which exists at Ottawa to-day, whereas at Westminster the Cabinet is dependent upon a majority in the House of Commons. Large powers of taxation were assigned to the popular chamber in the Legislature of the United Provinces of Ontario and Quebec which was created by the Act of Union of 1840. But at that time

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England was still on a protectionist basis. There were preferences in British tariffs for grain and lumber from the North-American provinces. Colonial tariffs were interwoven in the British fiscal system, and complete fiscal freedom, such as Canada and all the British oversea dominions now enjoy, was not and could not have been established when the new era of responsible government for the colonies began in 1841. But fiscal freedom for the colonies was not long in coming. England went on a free-trade basis in 1846; and consequent on this sweeping change in the fiscal system of the mother country the larger colonies with responsible government, as a matter of course, drew to themselves absolute freedom in making their own tariffs.

Canada was the first of the colonies to use this freedom regardless of how its use might affect British trade. The protectionist movement in the United States soon had its influence on Canada, especially on Ontario and Quebec, which were the only provinces in which there was any manufacturing during the first decade of the fiscal freedom that had accrued to the colonies in 1846. What is now known in Canada as the National Policy—the fiscal policy protecting Canadian manufacturers against all comers, French or German, British or American—had its beginnings with the Cayley and the Galt tariffs enacted by the Legislature of the United Provinces in 1858 and 1859. Both of these tariffs levied duties to protect Quebec and Ontario manufacturers against British as well as American competition. The Cayley tariff received the Royal Assent without causing much commotion either in Canada or in Great Britain, although there was some correspondence in which the Colonial Office counselled against the new departure. The crisis which settled the question for all time came on the Galt tariff of 1859. It was more protectionist than the Cayley tariff; and it aroused in particular the hostility of the iron and steel manufacturers of the north of England and Scotland. Through the Chambers of Commerce of Sheffield and Glasgow remonstrance was made to the Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, who was told that so long as colonial possessions entailed any burdens on British taxpayers it was unfair that there should be enactments by colonial legislatures aimed at excluding British manufactures from these colonies.

Newcastle's sympathies were with the iron and steel

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manufacturers in the attitude they took up towards British trade with the colonies. He remonstrated with Galt and seemed at first disposed to recommend that the Royal Assent should be withheld from the tariff of 1859. At this crisis Galt was as outspoken as Durham had been in his report of 1839. In the Government of the United Provinces he held the office that was equivalent to that of Minister of Finance at Ottawa to-day; and as such he told Newcastle that the Government and the Parliament of the United Provinces in enacting the tariff of 1859 had acted as seemed best for the interest of the people of Canada, and that if the British Government advised the Queen to disallow the tariff act, responsible government as conceded in 1841 must break down and crown-colony rule must take its place. The British Government was not willing to face another upheaval in Canada like that of 1837-40. Crown-colony rule in 1859 was an impossibility in any of the British North-American Provinces. After some delay the Galt tariff received the Royal Assent; and since Newcastle's correspondence with Galt there has been no interference from Downing Street with the tariff legislation of any of the oversea dominions.

There have been protests from British manufacturers since, as there were in 1859. These protests were made in and out of Parliament after the National Policy of Sir John A. Macdonald was established in 1879; and there were protests again in 1883 when Canada began to pay bounties on iron and steel, to aid furnaces and mills in Nova Scotia and Quebec to hold their own against British and American competition. These protests, when expression was given to them in the House of Commons at Westminster, were invariably from private or unofficial members; and not one of them ever elicited any sympathetic response from the Treasury Bench, no matter whether a Conservative or a Liberal government were in power. The oversea dominions since 1859 have been as entirely free to make their tariffs to suit their own policies as the United States. As time went on colonial governments in Australia and South Africa followed the lead of Canada and established the colonies on a protectionist basis; and it was not until 1897 that in any colonial tariff there was any preference for imports from Great Britain. Such preferences now exist in the tariffs of Canada, of the commonwealth of Australia and the South-

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African Union; but in each case care is taken to afford colonial manufacturers adequate protection against the competition of manufacturers in Great Britain. Conservative and Liberal governments have welcomed these preferences; but no British Government has made any appeal to the oversea dominions to establish or to increase these preferences for British manufactures, and as a matter of fact the preference in the Dominion tariff of 1907 is to-day of much less value than it was from 1900 to 1904, for it was curtailed in 1904 and in 1907 at the instance of Canadian manufacturers who complained at Ottawa that they were inadequately protected against British competition.

The history of reciprocity negotiations between the United States and Canada goes back to 1848; and until 1911—until the Taft-Fielding agreement was laid before Congress at Washington and Parliament at Ottawa—reciprocity between Canada and the United States was never a party question at Westminster. The circumstances under which the first and only reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada came into existence were exceptional and may to some extent account for the zeal with which a Whig government, a Conservative government and a Coalition government at Westminster all worked for the Elgin-Marcy treaty of 1854-66. Canadians deplored the breakdown of the system of preferential trade which resulted from the adoption of free trade by Great Britain in 1846. In the United Provinces of Ontario and Quebec politicians and merchants were so apprehensive of ruin to Canadian trade that they declared that, with the preferences in Great Britain for grain and lumber at an end, the provinces would be compelled to repudiate their public debt, much of which had been incurred in the construction of canals intended to carry produce from interior points to tide-water at Quebec.

Much the same direful apprehensions existed in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—both provinces in which there was for those times a large business in lumber with Great Britain. In all four provinces, moreover, there were bitter complaints that the British Government had let slip a unique opportunity for doing a great service to the British North-American provinces when free trade was adopted. The burden of these complaints, of which much was heard in 1846-47, was that when Great Britain freely opened her ports to grain and produce from the United States she should

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have made it a condition that the United States grant reciprocal trade to the North-American provinces. Any such condition was impracticable at the time the British corn laws were repealed, for the crisis in Ireland due to the famine was too acute to admit of negotiations to this end between London and Washington. But the Russell administration of 1846-52 recognized that there was a basis for the complaints and realized also the value to the North-American provinces of reciprocity with the United States.

Negotiations for reciprocity were begun in 1848. At Washington progress was exceedingly slow; and it was 1854 before the Elgin-Marcy treaty was consummated. Negotiations extended over nearly six years, and the result of this long delay was that three English governments—the Whig administration of Lord John Russell; the Conservative administration of the Earl of Derby and the Coalition administration of the Earl of Aberdeen—were identified with this mission of securing reciprocity between the United States and Canada. There was then no apprehension in England that closer trade relations between Canada and the United States would endanger the tie between Canada and Great Britain. The actuating motive of British administrations from 1848 to 1854 was that Canada was desirous of closer trade relations with the United States; that such closer relations would be of advantage to all the British North-American provinces; and that, consequently, British administrations should use all the influence they could exert to bring about a treaty so much desired in Canada.

The same spirit actuated the Beaconsfield government of 1874-80 when the abortive reciprocity treaty of 1874 was pending at Washington. A Liberal administration was at that time in power at Ottawa. Beaconsfield's government was, of course, Conservative; but from 1848 to 1911 the trade relations of Canada with the United States were never regarded or treated as a party question either by British Governments or by political parties at Westminster.

Why reciprocity is now a party question in England, why, while the Liberal Government has followed the precedents of all British Governments since 1848, the Conservatives in the House of Commons, on the platform and in the press, appeal to Canada to hold its hand until the Imperial Conference in May and appeal also to the Conservative Opposition at Ottawa to exert all the power it can wield to

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defeat the concurrent legislation, is easy to explain. Until 1903 free trade in England was not assailed by either of the two historic parties. Protection had been a dead issue from the time it was abandoned by Disraeli when he was pulling the Conservative party together after the split and demoralization that was brought about by Peel's abolition of the corn laws in 1846. It was revived in 1903 by Mr. Chamberlain, whose original scheme was that England should go on a protectionist basis with preferences in British tariffs for grain and lumber and other products from oversea dominions in return for preferences in the tariffs of the dominions for British manufactures. The first definite answer to these proposals from any of the dominions was in 1904, when the preference in the Canadian tariff of 1897 for British woollens was seriously curtailed at the instance of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association—the Home Market Club of the Dominion—whose declared policy since 1902 has been that before any preferences are conceded to British manufacturers adequate protection must be guaranteed to the manufacturers of the Dominion. There were many other curtailments of the British preference when the Dominion tariff was revised and made more protectionist in 1907—again at the instance of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association; and since this part of the Chamberlain scheme was repudiated by Canadian manufacturers, the organized grain-growers of the three prairie provinces and the granges of Ontario have served notice on the Dominion government, and incidentally on the Chamberlain protectionists in England, that they will not endorse that part of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme that contemplates duties on grain and farm produce in England with preferences on these imports from Canada.

These Canadian repudiations of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme and also three general elections in England all adverse to it had occurred before the terms of the reciprocity agreement had been made known at Washington, Ottawa and London. The Chamberlain movement was obviously on the down grade before Canada and the United States agreed to free trade in natural products—practically to a re-establishment of the trade conditions of 1854-66—and with this agreement accepted the Chamberlain movement was left hanging in the air; for with free trade in grain and other foodstuffs between the United States and Canada

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there is of necessity an end to the idea of preferences in a British tariff for Canadian produce. The original Chamberlain plan was dependent on a tariff between Canada and the United States. With this barrier gone as regards natural produce, the complete Chamberlain scheme becomes impracticable.

The reciprocity agreement is the sixth in a series of setbacks that the protectionist movement in England has encountered since Mr. Chamberlain and the Conservative party initiated it in 1903; and it is because reciprocity frustrates the hopes of the Conservatives, that the Conservatives have been so bitter in their attacks on the Asquith government for permitting Canada to make this agreement with the United States. But, as has been said, the Asquith government has only followed precedents since 1848. Canada has had absolutely a free hand in the negotiations, as she had when the commercial treaties were negotiated with France in 1893 and 1908 — as she had in all the series of reciprocity negotiations which have gone on at Washington from 1848 to 1911. Any interference by a British Government, whether Liberal or Conservative, would have been most reactionary. It would have involved a turning back on all the development of self-government that has marked the history of all the oversea dominions since 1841. It would have been so regarded in all the dominions. It would have been resented by them all; and in Canada it might have confronted the Asquith government with a crisis like that of 1859, when Galt intimated to the Colonial Office that if the Royal Assent were withheld he and his colleagues of the Government of the United Provinces would resign and Downing Street must face the alternative of crown-colony rule for the United Provinces of Quebec and Ontario.

EDWARD PORRITT.

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INTELLECTUAL NOMADISM

BY NORMAN DOUGLAS

EVERY now and then the torrents that seam the plateau regions of inner Algeria swell to a river and pour down from the mountains in a seething flood of destruction. So it happened in October, 1904, when part of the French settlement of Ain Sefra was overwhelmed by a flood of this kind.

One of the wrecked buildings was inhabited at that moment by Isabelle Eberhardt, a young lady journalist, Russian by race, Mohammedan by religion; and among its ruins were found certain of her manuscript notes which now form a considerable part of a posthumous volume entitled "*Dans l'Ombre Chaude de l'Islam.*" They were unearthed during the excavations which were undertaken with great care by Lieutenant Paris and found to be disconnected and very much damaged from having lain for several weeks in the mud. In order to attach the pieces Monsieur Barrucand, her friend and editor of an Algerian newspaper, was obliged to string them together by reflections borrowed from her correspondence, from her papers and travel notes. This was the sole method of reconstruction, he says, whereby he could save from definite interment these fragments of Sahara life which reached his hands.

It was a labor of love and well worth performing. A critic has called Isabelle "the most virile and sincere writer of the Algerian country," and if the reader wants still more diversified and still more vividly flashing pictures of North-African life than are contained in this and its sister volume, "*Notes de Route,*" it is hard to say where he will find them.

In her young years, when under the charge of an old granduncle at Geneva, she had been brought up "absolutely as a boy." And now on horseback, alone and disguised as

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an Arab youth, she traversed the inner parts of Algeria and Tunisia from the borders of Morocco to those of Tripoli. These volumes are records of her journeyings, impressions of scenery interspersed with tales of native life and her own reflections; they unfold a vast and varied panorama—crumbling cities through whose narrow streets you stumble in the twilight amid piles of foul refuse, calm Arab convent retreats, where white-robed marabouts glide about like ghosts, the busy life of the green oasis gardens; anon you are riding under a fiery sun through some gorge of scintillating rocks or reposing awhile with the eternal wanderers in their black tents perched on a weltering desolation of sand dunes; every aspect of native life flits past your eye—the soldiery, merchants, womenfolk and humble laborers; they all disclose their joys and hopes and sufferings; you feel, after reading these pages, as if you had been gazing upon one of those glowing Oriental tapestries full of bold tints that yet harmonize in a miraculous fashion and suggest, rather than reveal, some simple underlying design.

What is it—this sense of a fundamental simplicity pervading the whole? It is the character of Isabelle Eberhardt herself.

She possesses the first requisite of a writer: she is nonderivative—true to her nature.

And her nature being essentially Russian, she can sympathize to an exceptional degree with the nomadic Arabs.

For the Russians, unbeknown to themselves, have still much of the nomad in them. Where is a country vast as theirs with so few local dialects? Despite the inland passport system which has striven to fix the people to the soil, their roving tendency has triumphed over severe winters, uninhabitable tracts, marshes and immense rivers. Poor men often leave their homes and families on a pilgrimage to some distant shrine exactly as do the Arabs; and so great is their love of wandering that, like a rolling stone once started, they roam across country from one shrine to another, forgetful of their old life, and are often found dead by the roadside. Whole villages migrate about those endless steppes. For rich and poor alike, travelling is an end in itself; they hate all occupations that tie them down to a particular spot; landed proprietors easily transfer their affections from one place to another, buying and selling estates in different corners of the land; they will think noth-

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ing of going from Petersburg to Odessa on the pretext of purchasing a hat or a pair of gloves. Railway stations resemble gypsy encampments; second-class hotels, littered with the travellers' cooking apparatus, pillows, towels, samovars and all the heterogeneous impedimenta of nomadism, are simple caravansaries. Houses look as if they were not intended to be permanently occupied; nothing has been or ever will be long in its place; the clocks are not going, the doors not shut—an instinctive recollection of a former breezy tent life; there is a surprising lack of furniture, especially of the kind which the Anglo-Saxon requires for storing away clothes and "settling down." Russians never settle down. They all have something in common with the dyspeptic old prince in one of Tourguenieff's novels: rooms are put to new uses, beds moved from one place to another out of sheer restlessness and love of change. They will live for weeks in a chaotic confusion that could be remedied by half an hour's work, but they are buoyed up by the hereditary notion that soon the encampment must be broken up and the family moved elsewhere. Arabs! The Swiss thinks of the particular house or village where he was born; the Russian has not sense of home as a geographical point, but as a social centre; he is at home anywhere so long as his tribe is about him. So you will find him at continental watering-places; never, like the Englishman, alone, but moving about in clans and batches, as the Arabs do.

These instances of surviving nomadism in Russia, which could be multiplied indefinitely, are here enumerated not by way of explaining things to the lover of that country, who is apt to regard them as a bundle of disconnected national traits, or to the hostile critic for whom the detestable but firmly rooted autocratic system would become more intelligible at least if he could be brought to realize that it merely represents the nomadic family principle of which every household in the land is a replica. They are referred to because traceable in literature just as much as in daily life.

This does not mean that Isabelle Eberhardt, for example, was gadding across country all day long with a portmanteau slung over her shoulders. But it means that the nomad's definite but indefinable states of yearning and exaltation, the nostalgic note, are prominent in these volumes. She has the "*gout de l'espace*"—the "*volupté profonde de la vie errante.*"

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To the wandering family every pleasure of life is uncertain, for to-morrow the settlement may be broken up and the delights, which to-day offers, indefinitely postponed. So the Russian, like the nomadic Magyar or Arab, imposes little restraint upon himself in the matter of "wine, women and song"; he seizes upon the joys of life with a zest and almost theatrical exaggeration, and this, again, is reflected in his literature. But it may be said—it has been said—that this characteristic is rather the result of a harsh climate; that it is a protest, on the part of humanity, against the inclemency of physical surroundings; that mankind, to counteract the effects of such sombre conditions of nature, will tend towards spiritual excesses. There may be some truth in the general argument. No doubt the hysterical Scandinavian lore bears traces of such violent changes of summer and winter, light and darkness, as are unknown "under the roof of blue Ionian weather." But the influence of environment has become a fetich, a kind of *deus ex machina* that explains away all difficulties. In the present instance the habits of the Russians contrast significantly with the steadiness to which a longer social stability has accustomed the equally boreal Finlanders; the idiosyncrasies of the dreamy and restless Arab are altogether absent in the plodding Berber peasant, although he has dwelt far longer in this glowing and fateful land of Africa.

No, it is a matter of race and not of soil; and so much for Isabelle's nomadism.

As to her intellectuality: open these volumes where you will and the fact will thrust itself upon you.

This is the way she sees things:

"Les passants sont rares.

"Parfois un fellah, poussant devant lui un petit âne disparaissant sous une charge de palmes qui frolent les murs avec un bruissement métallique. L'homme marche, l'œil vague, le bâton sur l'épaule, tenu très droit, d'un geste hieratique comme on en voit aux personnages des bas-reliefs égyptiens. Il chante pour lui tout seul, doucement, une vieille melodie berbère; il échange quelques salam distraits avec les fantômes blancs immobiles le long des murs. Une vieille parait, courbée sous une outre pesante. Assis ou à demi couchés sur les bancs de terre, les ksouriens berbères, blancs, où les kharatine, autochtones noirs parlent sans hâte, se grisant d'ombre et d'immobilité longue."

And thus she feels them:

"Il fait bon s'endormire ainsi n'importe où à la belle étoile, en sachant qu'on s'en ira le lendemain et qu'on ne reviendra sans doute jamais, que tout ce qui est ne durera pas . . . tandis que chantent les bedouins, tandis

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que pleurent les djouak, tandis que s'évapore et s'éteint, comme une flamme inutile, la pensée."*

There is nothing remarkable in these extracts; they are only cited to show her point of view, which is that of a refined intelligence.

Many of her sketches, such as "Meriema," the tale of the old woman who has lost her wits through the death of her son, or the mysterious figure of the young flute-player among the mouldering palaces of Tunis, the "*Pleurs d'Amandier*" and at least twenty others, are original in the good sense of the word; they are both new and truthful. And they will bear close scrutiny. Take that little one on "Lizards," for instance; or, in the other volume, the bizarre "*Joies Noires.*" Here is not only fine observation, but a pronounced personal cachet sustained by scholarship and love of letters; these things are much more than clever studies thrown off in a happy moment—they are the product of an independent mind which has gauged the resources of language, discriminating its beauties and realizing its limitations.

The translator may well despair of preserving their strange and voluptuous aroma: it evaporates in his crucible.

"*J'ai toujours été simple,*" says Isabelle, "*et dans cette simplicité j'ai trouvé des jouissances fortes.*" Nothing is more true if by simple she means limpid, homogeneous. Unlike that Russian stone, the Alexandrite, she shines with the same steady glow, view her in what light you will; there may be flaws, but they are not the flaws of other people; a welcome quality in an age which produces so many human creatures and so many books, which are merely reflections. And her opinions have been formed in the only way in which opinions that are worth anything can be formed: by copious reading—not to learn, but, as the English sage has put it, "to weigh and consider"—and by contact with actualities, with the shifting world of men and the wild places of nature. She has drawn deep breaths of life; she has suffered and pondered and pined in solitude:

"C'est la plus déshéritée des déshéritées de ce monde, une exilée sans foyer et sans patrie, une orpheline dénuée de tout, qui écrit ces lignes. Elles sont sincères et vraies."

And elsewhere:

* The pastoral reed of the Bedouins.

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"J'en arrive à cette conclusion, qu'il ne faut jamais chercher le bonheur. Il passe sur la route, mais toujours en sens inverse. . . .
"Quand mon cœur souffrait, il commençait à vivre."

These gropings and strivings of mind have given poignancy to her language and a touch of mellow humanity, the antithesis of that hard machine-made glitter, that supercilious juggling with the obvious, which is praised as "profundity" in the works of some writers of her sex.

It will never do to underestimate her arduous journalistic training, those days when, locked in her little room, she wrestled with her thoughts and words, for it was thus that she learned to avoid the pitfalls that beset the writers of her own race more than those of any other—diffusiveness, lack of concentrative grasp. Russians will tell you that the sight of hedges, so familiar to lovers of our landscapes, is irksome to their notions of liberty; they must have a measureless horizon, and as their bodies roam so do their minds. This wilful prolixity, this "wandering from the point," constitutes their conversational charm, their literary failing; they reach out too far and must perforce include it all. So an officer of my acquaintance, who has been engaged for sixteen years upon a history of his country's rule in Central Asia, has at last, he tells me, reached the period of Cyrus; and every one familiar with Russian national literature will have been struck by the same trait; he will muse upon the number of writers that have been altogether lost to their country through their recoil at the imaginary dimensions of their task. Manifold ambitions paralyze the initiative; an all-embracing mind is a dungeon unto itself.

There is none of this straining in Isabelle; she never sees too much at a time; she knows her limitations and those of her theme. That training taught her to think rapidly and surely, to eliminate the trivial; she deletes remorselessly, as can be seen by a glance at the "*Notes de Route*," where some of the old variants are printed below the new text. She is perpetually dissatisfied and a believer in conscientious labor rather than in inspiration; a born writer for the rest and "irresistibly drawn towards the career of letters." "I write," she says, "because I like the process of literary creation; I write, as I love, because such is my destiny probably. And it is my sole true consolation."

But whoever looks for what might be called photographic reproductions of desert life in these pages will be disap-

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pointed; there is mirage hanging about them; like all artists, she detects colors and shapes invisible to the ordinary eye; or, again, she is deliberately blind; her pictures of this "holy land of Africa" are distortions almost in the sense of Turner's landscape: distortions, that is, till we have risen to her point of view and learned to know better. And those abysmal desert silences, those spaces of tawny desolation over which the eye roams and vainly seeks a point of repose, often turned her thoughts inward and invested her, as they do the Arabs, with their dream states.

"Oh! la bienheureuse annihilation de moi, dans cette vie contemplative du désert! . . . Parfois cependant il est encore de ces heures troublées où l'esprit et la conscience, je ne sais pourquois, se réveillent de leur longue somnolence et nous torturent. . . .

"Combien de fois n'ai-je pas senti mon cœur se serrer en songeant à ma vocation d'écrire et de penser, à mon ancien amour de l'étude et des livres, à mes curiositiés intellectuelles de jadis. . . . Heures de remords, d'angoisse et de deuil. Mais ces sentiments n'ont presque jamais d'action sur la volonté qui reste inerte et n'agit point."

Herein lies the justification of that subjective method which she handles so craftily.

An interesting phenomenon in literature, this modern taste for personalities, fostered, as it may well have been, by the interviewer who has accustomed us to pry into the most intimate details of our neighbors' private lives. Certain it is that the position of a descripitive writer towards his public has undergone a change of late; readers have become anthropomorphous, connoisseurs of sensations; they commune with an author not only for what he writes, but for what he is; they endeavor to spy into the windows of his soul and to overhear him chronicling his most casual moods and impressions. They want to learn how things affect him. And there is a contagion in wisely premeditated indiscretions on the part of a veracious writer and a profit—namely, that from sharing his feelings we are insensibly led to adopt his views; we gain, that is, a definite acquisition of knowledge. But whoever is not constitutionally honest had better remain impersonal. Errors of fact or judgment will pass, but to win our confidence he must ring true. In other words, the chronicling of moods depends upon whose moods they are. Those of Isabelle Eberhardt are sincere and interesting.

Apart from that catholicity of hers which transports us

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with equal ease through such varied phases of African existence, one point must strike every careful reader: her sense of propriety in regard to the length of these sketches. That there are picturesque vignettes in the scenery of life that look best in the microscopic setting of a sonnet or even an epigram; that fleeting emotions will befit the prose poem, compact entities the short tale, while whoever wishes to delineate the teeming markets of mankind and mountains and meandering streams and all the orographical and hydrographical complexities of continents must call for the Gargantuan canvas of "Anna Karenina": these are surely very obvious rules. But how often are they violated, even by writers of reputation! These pieces, however, have frames suitable to their size; some, like the "*Petit Monde de Femmes,*" are the veriest miniatures, while the mournful "Fellah," for instance, trails its sad length along, a monotone of "misery, falling drop by drop"; a kind of literary bas-relief. Short or long, they read so uncommonly easily that their technique will repay study as illustrating that remark of Sheridan's to a lady: "Easy reading, Madam, is damned hard writing." And throughout it all we are never without an exhilarating sense of motion; the camels are groaning, the tents must be struck. This is what takes away from these sketches the air of a set purpose and invests them with an impromptu charm.

It was possibly this note of vibrating realism which induced some people to call Isabelle a "*décadente,*" that being a favorite term for much that is new, vital and, therefore, *not yet labelled* (the unforgivable sin). A futile word! When one has watched how men like Verlaine and Richard Wagner have changed from decadents into classics in the course of a short generation, it may be wise to hold one's peace and wait events. There is no doubt whatever that Homer was a decadent in his day; and as to Sappho . . .

This is far from saying that her pages contain the "*dernier mot*" of such literature, since what fulfils the needs of to-day is sure to be found inadequate for the morrow. So with this love for the desert. The Sahara that existed formerly, only in its terrifying aspects of heat and thirst, was discovered, like the Alps, by the romanticists. Then came, let us say, Fromentin; this we said is the truth, and the whole truth, at last—a revelation; the desert as a mode of art! But soon enough there followed Loti; the

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attitude of the spectator, incurious, scarce human; an antidote, in its chill neo-classicism, to the extravagances towards which Fromentin was leading us.

And now we have Isabelle, to whom the desert is not a mode of art, but a mode of life.

She is merged into those sand wastes, not by æsthetic intuition, but by identity of temperament. Unity of race, religion and language is a powerful national bond, but the peculiarity of the Russians, as a people, is the same as that of the Arabs: it lies in a sentiment of brotherhood in a kind of apostolic spirit that binds together every class of the empire and has its roots in their patriarchal institutions. The way in which some poor desert-man will address the great sheikh of his tribe reminds one of the humble moujik's affectionate references to the little father of whose household he is, after all, a member. Isabelle, as Arab and Russian, has broad fraternal feelings—" we are all poor devils," she says, " and they who refuse to understand us are still poorer than ourselves." She knows a test for discovering the virtue lurking in the breasts of the meanest human creatures—the test of her own worthlessness; she would even find it possible to say a good word for those savages of Albion who vulgarize desert life by establishing decent roads and communications whereby emotional travellers, prancing over the wilderness in sumptuous seed-pearl embroidered dressing-gowns, may jot down its beauties for readers of the " *Figaro* " without having their throats cut.

One cannot help detecting resemblances to Loti in these pages. Like him, for example, she has grasped the peculiar color value of harsh scientific or commercial words. How, in a flow of purely literary speech, they hold the eye—these crude importations from an alien realm of thought! They seem to complete the picture, like the poppies in a field of wheat. And, of course, she has studied with profit her Fromentin, in whose two volumes, particularly the " *Été dans le Sahara,*" she learned the uses of that focussing or intensifying faculty which constitutes much of the charm of writers as different as Balzac or George Borrow. In this land of " menacing monotony " the artistic mind dwells lovingly upon the minutiæ of human affairs, the result being a magnified visualization; the Arabs of Isabelle are so vital and palpitating that your ordinary ones melt away in their presence like misty phantoms. Elsewhere we are reminded

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of the aerial butterfly touch of Hearn; of Maeterlinck's love of pictured metaphor:

"Que j'aime la verdure exubérante et les troncs vivants, plissés d'une peau d'éléphant, de ces figuiers gonflés de lait amer, autour desquelles bourdonnent des essaims de mouches dorées!"

But what will strike him as her dominant note is that sense of measure, all the more to be appreciated in a young woman who knew so much concerning her subject, who felt so keenly and could wield so fluent a pen. Remembering that these sketches were written for a provincial newspaper, one appreciates all the more highly her conscientious work.

Nevertheless, the man who should profess to be able to imagine nothing better than these descriptions of Isabelle's would only prove that he has reached the limit of his powers of assimilation. So it is. We grow tired of the strain of novelty—for it is a strain; we sometimes even cast off as too exhausting our most recent author friends and revert to those of our youth in whom we affect to discover beauties hitherto unrevealed, thus making a virtue of a physiological necessity, weariness. Her work is of the kind that can only be done once satisfactorily; the perusal of her imitators or disciples, of whom there are three or four on the French literary market just now, illustrates sufficiently the difference between the reality and its shadow. It is difficult, indeed, to conceive another writer emerging upon the scene with the very unusual equipment she possessed: to be both man and woman, a scholar and a savage of the waste, a visionary hashish devotee and *fin-de-siècle* journalist; a Mohammedan, Christian and agnostic.

Yes, another generation may well find her too ardently personal (for we shall soon be outgrowing the anthropomorphous stage once more) and perhaps also, too restless. Carlyle somewhere says that the nomad lacks the "tendency to persevere." Very true: they only sow who care to wait for the harvest. There is Oudjda, for instance, that sombre city of putrefaction and death which grows fair only after sunset when, as in a dream, one hears the Aissouyiahs praying "*dans la sérénité pudique de la nuit, voilant la pourriture des choses, la souffrance et l'abjection des êtres*": how one longs, after reading those few pages, to know more about such a place as this, to live oneself into it! But—no. With the swiftness of doom the scenery is shifted and "*c'est*

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la fin. Le somptueux rideau vert et argent des oliviers s'est renfermé sur toutes ces courtes visions."

For the rest it is always easy to discover defects in our favorites once we have grown tired of them.

A new edition might profitably give translations of the many Arabic words which bristle in this one: what does the ordinary European know of *souafa, guira, djemaa, hamada, harair, djellaba, ihram, mhlahfa, taleb, sehan, zeriba, cagna, kouma, targui, toubib* and the rest of them? This is rather an ultra-virile method of introducing local color.

"*J'ai toujours été simple . . .*"

That, we believe, was likewise the conviction of Marie Bashkirtseff, who, despite her different fortune, resembles Isabelle in her aspirations—to escape from a world of sordid trivialities to leave a mark. And highly must we rate these children of the North who found unaided the true remedy for those brooding states that clog the mind and warp the character in activities.

True, they possessed the advantage of belonging to a race which has not undergone the schooling of the rest of Europe, which has not obfuscated its mind with metaphysics, classical ideals and "*Sturm-und-Drang*"; which is enabled, therefore, to graft the latest fruits of modern research upon a sound primitive stock. All this has its drawbacks, no doubt. Ignorant and even scornful of Hellenic traditions, their mundane art lacks the element of repose and concentrative thought; untutored by a Renaissance, their Church art languishes in ancient conventional grooves and displays nothing of that persistent and active regard for a high ideal which has culminated in the dome of St. Peter or the Madonnas of Rafael. But in literature and speculative thought the profit is largely on their side, for they have not been told during long centuries what to see on earth and how to see it. As a literary nation, they are inflamed with youthful ardor; they know morality in the human way and not in that of medieval schoolmen; they have instinctively grasped the fact that our sense of right and wrong, were it old as the hills, alters its shape day by day as surely as these do; that virtue is merely an adaptation to ever-changing surroundings which stamp our affairs with their momentary impress.

This anti-parochialism is what gives to the writings of both of them an elevating, aristocratic note, for morality is

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the property of the crowd; it bears an inscription which damns it for all purposes of art: *connu!*

Yet Isabelle, like many artists of natural nobility, is a democrat:

"On m'a souvent reproché de me plaire avec les gens du peuple. Mais où donc est la vie, sinon dans le peuple? Partout ailleurs le monde me semble étroit. . . . A vrai dire, je ne souffre pas trop des pauvretés et des naïvetés, pas même des grossièretés. Je n'en souffre pas profondément. Ce qui me semble à la longue insupportable, c'est l'éternelle honte médiocre de certains gens. . . ."

For purposes of insight into a race like the Arabs the advantages of being a woman are twofold; she has not only access into their veiled and intimate life, but also, what is more important, she is less disposed to theorize, to read wrong meanings into what she sees, less prone to err in interpreting primordial tracts of feeling—less introspective, in short. A man can rarely immerse himself in the strange life of a savage race with the naif abandonment of a woman. And if he can, he is a savage himself, unable to communicate his experiences to others; there is not enough of the child and barbarian left in him; he is no longer permeable, having donned too many garments of culture in the past. As a writer and observer he may do something better in his way —we are thinking at this moment of Doughty's Arabia— but that spirit of freemasonry with an alien stock which comes naturally to a woman like Laurence Hope would argue, in a man, a quite exceptional detachment or a feminine turn of mind. *"J'ai voulu posséder ce pays,"* says Isabelle, *"et ce pays m'a possédée." Ce pays m'a possédée:* there you have it.

This elective affinity of some women for wild and destructive races of mankind: is it that their development has been arrested at the emotional stage when, as children, we were wont to delight in pirate adventures and redskin-scalpings, or because, seriously reflecting, they think to discover in this return to barbarism a remedy for the self-questionings and the social complexities of modern days? Whatever be the reason, a man will not so often have these *"jouissances fortes"*—a term under which we are to understand a throbbing sympathy with everything, good or bad, that the country or its people offers.

Isabelle's philosophy, like that of Marie Bashkirtseff, is summed up in a determination to keep every pore open, and

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it is worth remarking that both of them stand ethically, as they do geographically, midway between East and West. They are Occidental in their enjoyment of novelty and strenuous labor, but sufficiently Buddhistic to despise the delirious bustle and herd spirit of our civilization; to detest every form of Western hypocrisy.

In matters pertaining to the sexes Isabelle has the cynicism of the Oriental. These volumes of hers contain some pages not exactly fitted for that young person who is still supposed to linger, like the Apteryx, in remote sylvan glades, but, on the whole, they are pervaded by a refreshing sanity.

She says, for example:

"L'amour le plus décevant et le plus pernicieux me semble être surtout la tendance occidentale vers l'âme-sœur. . . . Gloire à ceux qui vont seuls dans la vie! Si malheureux qu'ils soient, ce sont les forts et les saints, les seuls êtres. Les autres ne sont que des moitiés d'âme."

Was ever a fine Crim-Tartary truth more plainly enunciated? That fateful idealism of ours: it clings to us like a Nessus shirt!

It may be asked what reflections such as this have to do with a description of the Tunisian desert? Why, simply this: they are the outcome of a mood created by local conditions and in so far help us to understand them. Here, face to face with infinities, man disencumbers himself; he casts off outworn weeds of thought and feeling; he stands alone; he must act; he cannot be bothered with a sister soul; the caravan is waiting to begin the march, and at night, after a meagre repast, he will drop from sheer physical fatigue into a dreamless sleep. An anodyne, this, for many ills. . . .

In their revolt against every form of crooked emotionalism these Russian girls have struck a new note and the right one. There is a charming chapter in the *"Ombre de l'Islam"* where Isabelle describes supper-time at the Mellah, the Jew quarter; its stench, its vulgarity, its *"bonheur facile."*

"Je connais très bien leur âme: Elle monte dans les vapeurs de la marmite. . . . Je les envie d'être ainsi. Ils sont la critique de mon romanticisme et de cet incurable malaise que j'ai apporté du Nord et de l'Orient mystique avec le sang de ceux qui ont vagabondé avant moi dans la steppe.

"Quand donc aurai-je fini avec cette singulière manie qui me porte à interpreter les gestes les plus simples dans un sens religieux? . . . Quand les autres font cuire leur diner, nous pensons au sacrifice de la Soma, aux libations de beurre sur le feu.

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"Loin de moi les tâtonnements de mon adolescence maladive! . . . Toute mon éducation morale est à refaire."

In the face of such pitiless self-criticism, how absurd to call her "neurotic": as if it were not a symptom of uncommon healthfulness to be able to review oneself in this objective fashion. It would be more correct to say that Isabelle has taken the gold of the romantic movement and discarded the dross—the slobbering cant, the sentimentality. Her sound barbaric ethics are untainted by the virus of pruriency; her whole religion resumes itself into a rather spasmodic, sisterly hankering after an honest God, a kind of blandly beaming *bon vieux* such as Lucretius had in mind.

Marie Bashkirtseff was an anti-sentimentalist of the same type—her attitude towards the male sex was one of playful sanity. The good Mathilde Blind used to regret that Marie had not lived long enough to meet her "ideal." But the fact seems to be that these Russian girls are seldom on the lookout for ideals. And it is rather instructive to observe that they often find something less vaporous, something that wears better. How does it come about? Can it be that, although they are in one sense "New Women," they nevertheless belong to a variety different from the odd compound of childishness and ferocity which goes by that name—to a class of female with whom a man discovers rational companionship to be not altogether out of the question?

Isabelle tried the experiment and found it a success. In the year 1900, at the age of twenty-three, she married, according to Mohammedan rites, a native officer, naturalized Frenchman, to whom she was much attached (like many of her sex, she always had a weakness for the soldiery).

And there occurred next year an unpleasant episode. While near Eloued she was attacked by a religious fanatic who belonged to a confraternity hostile to hers and so severely wounded that she lay for a month in the military hospital of that town. This was followed by an order for her expulsion from Algerian territory for "political reasons"—an order only applicable as against non-Frenchmen (she was still an alien, the authorities having forbidden the pair to make their religious union valid by a civil marriage). Vainly she applied to the Russian Consulate to learn the reason of this step. She had been accused ere this of anti-French propaganda, a charge she vehemently denied; they had even gone so far as to suspect her of being an English Methodist

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in disguise. Isabelle Eberhardt a Methodist! Truly a wondrous juxtaposition of ideas. But the French are a wondrous nation: their pathological suspiciousness of the outsider reminds one of those old Athenians. By no effort of will-power or imagination can they put themselves into the mental condition of foreigners; it is an odd little weakness of theirs; impossible to believe the depths of credulity to which this *idée fixe* sometimes leads them. Foreigners suffer, for there are moments when the most innocuous of them objects to living in the publicity of *Le Roi Soleil;* when those *concierge* reports, those genteel but persistent questionings, that police *dossier* which dogs his footsteps, be he in African deserts or in the heart of Paris, makes him wish that this modern nation were a little less—how shall we say?—a little less Hellenic.*

In exile at Marseilles, separated from her husband, without money and still suffering from the effects of her wound, a hard life began; such was her necessity that she was obliged to work as a dock-hand with the Italian laborers of that port; instead of cigarettes she smoked "*feuilles de platane.*" But presently the husband contrived to exchange into another regiment which brought him to Marseilles; here they were remarried according to French law and Isabelle, now following the domicile of her husband, became a French citizen and returned to Algeria in despite of her proscription.

They seem to have established their headquarters at that little cantonment of Ain Sefra which she has so well described and to have lived there happily till the day when the house was invaded by cataracts of slime brought down in that flood of October, 1904.

It cost Isabelle her life.

"I can swim," she told him. "I will hold you up." She was trying to patch together some kind of raft when the masonry suddenly yielded to the pressure of the waters and fell upon her, the husband escaping by a miracle. They recovered her body two days later and entombed it in the native cemetery on the bleak hillside near some crumbling

* Georges Clarétie relates how he once accompanied the *Controlleur* of Tozeur on a delicate official pursuit after English lady Methodists who, disguised as natives, had been making a dangerous anti-French propaganda among the Arabs. But they found nothing; the desert, he says, "kept its secret."

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maraboutic shrine. There she lies in the desert sand, and her head is turned towards the East.

It was a short life, but she managed to press the grape to the uttermost drop.

From where these lines have been written, at Nefta on the borders of the Sahara, the eye can follow the track which leads across the burning salt waste of the Chott to Elcued, her elected home. It gives a pungency to these pages, and one shapes in fancy some picture of this tall Arab youth, with the child-like smile, riding yonder on that much-beloved white Soufi stallion.

"*Je ne me suis pas composé un idéal; j'ai marché à la découverte.*" That is the key-note of her life.

And one remembers that other intellectual nomad, Marie Bashkirtseff, who also found a "*frisson intérieur*" necessary to her "*hygiène morale*"; who was likewise forever learning and marching to the discovery of new horizons. For a mental state such as theirs, appetency rather than instability is the right word. Their writings are neither of the kind to which we go for information, nor of the purely æsthetic species; they belong to the category of confessions or mirrors of the soul: human documents, to use Mr. Mallock's happy phrase, that disclose the rainbow-tinted world as it filters through the medium of a single candid intelligence. Neither of the two can be called a creative artist. But they are women of keen and yet disciplined impressionability and, in so far, a delectable offshoot from the ordinary trend of feminism.

NORMAN DOUGLAS.

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THE ALDRICH BANKING PLAN

BY CHARLES A. CONANT

THE plan which had been submitted by Senator Aldrich to the National Monetary Commission in regard to a central Reserve Association for the purpose of co-ordinating the banking system of the country, gives a definiteness to the discussion of banking reform which it has heretofore lacked. Since the panic of 1907, the advocates of changes in the banking system have each argued in favor of his particular view of what such changes should be; while the defenders of the existing system of isolated local banks have set up a figure of straw, rigged out with all the discarded rags of the banking blunders of eighty years ago, labelled the manikin "central bank" and proceeded to demolish it,—not alone as an enemy of the finances, but of the political liberties of the country. The advantage of a definite project, like that of Senator Aldrich, is that it permits each item to be taken up and its merits threshed out more definitely than when each side has had the advantage of setting up its own ikon or bad spirit, and burning incense or pouring out anathema before them accordingly.

It is indicative of the tact and skill with which Senator Aldrich has dealt with the matter that the new project, while it is not flawless, already has the endorsement of many close students of the subject and embodies details which they recognize as their own. The fact that it has been so favorably received indicates the progress which has been made in financial thinking within the last few years. The experts in monetary matters who were derided fifteen years or so ago as cranks or extremists have seen public opinion follow them from one mile-stone to another on the road to sound finance. Time was when advocacy of the single gold standard was denounced, even by men of moderate views, as radical and impracticable. The gold standard became law in 1900. Then came the battle for basing currency upon

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the movement of the commercial affairs of the country instead of upon United States bonds. Again the advocates of the reform were denounced as wishing to issue currency without security, but again they won their battle when issues upon commercial paper were recognized by the Aldrich-Vreeland law of 1908. That United States bonds were not the proper basis for currency was long pooh-poohed by the politicians, who insisted that this country had "the best money in the world"; but the present progressive Secretary of the Treasury has finally recommended that bonds be issued which shall no longer be available for circulation, and a bill to this effect has been enacted by Congress.

From the experience of the panic of 1907 stood out, even more forcibly than before, three cardinal defects in the existing American banking system—the lack of power to issue currency to meet legitimate needs; the scattering of reserve money among twenty thousand competing banks, instead of its concentration at central points where it could be used effectively; and the lack of co-ordination and leadership in meeting monetary disturbances.

The lack of power to issue notes was met after a fashion by the Aldrich-Vreeland act; but that this was only a makeshift was admitted by the very terms of the act, whose provisions expire on June 30th, 1914, and which provided for the appointment of the National Monetary Commission "to inquire into and report to Congress at the earliest date practicable what changes are necessary or desirable in the monetary system of the United States or in the laws relating to banking and currency."

It is to comply with this mandate that the Aldrich plan has been prepared and laid before the Monetary Commission. It seeks to meet the need for a more flexible currency by transferring to a central institution, to be known as the Reserve Association of America, the note-issuing functions of the existing seven thousand national banks and the general regulation of the money-market. The present circulation of the national banks based upon bonds is about $690,000,000. This is to remain the limit of the "authorized circulation," so to speak, even after the bonds are gradually gotten rid of. Above this fixed limit Senator Aldrich proposes to superimpose additional note issues to the amount of $100,000,000 under a tax at the rate of three per cent. per annum; $100,000,000 at four per cent.; $100,000,000 at five

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per cent.; and any additional amount found necessary if a tax is paid at the rate of six per cent.

Such provisions mean, in effect, that there can be no currency famine and no panic about getting currency so long as anybody has good assets to exchange for currency. If the demand for currency becomes acute, the Reserve Association will meet it by availing itself of the issues subject to tax. Before it is required to pay a tax as high as six per cent., it will be able to issue $300,000,000 in notes beyond the usual limit. This system of taxing excess issues follows the system of the Imperial Bank of Germany and the Austro-Hungarian Bank. At those institutions excess issues are taxed uniformly at the rate of five per cent. The plan of Senator Aldrich has the advantage in respect to flexibility that $200,000,000 in new notes can be issued at rates of taxation not higher than four per cent. The imposition of a tax does not conform to scientific monetary principles, but will probably do little harm if the limit of untaxed circulation is raised from time to time to meet the increase in permanent currency needs.

The other two important defects in the existing system which have been referred to,—the scattering of reserves and the lack of leadership in emergencies,—are met by other provisions of the Aldrich plan.

The Reserve Association will be custodian of the ultimate reserve of gold. If the current redemption of the greenbacks and the gold certificates, as well as of bank-notes, is transferred to the association, it will possess ultimately more than a thousand millions of dollars in gold, which will be the largest concentrated stock in the world. This will afford at once an assurance of adequate reserves against issues of notes at home and of coin and bullion to meet demands for export.

Under a system which permits the central banking mechanism to meet emergencies by rediscounting for other banks and issuing its notes to cover such rediscounts, the movement of reserve money will be the opposite of what it was in 1907 under the American system of isolated banks, each required by law to maintain certain specified reserves. If deposits by local banks with the central institution could be counted as a part of their reserves, such deposits would tend to increase, instead of to decrease, in periods of pressure. The banks which felt that their reserve resources were

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inadequate would obtain rediscounts from the central institution, and the amount of such rediscounts would be carried in the first instance to their credit in their deposit account. If they anticipated heavy demands upon them, they would still further endeavor to increase their deposit account at the central institution by paying in the proceeds of their collections in order to give strength to their reserve balance.* They would thus be in a position, when deposits were withdrawn or other demands were made upon them, to draw checks on their account upon the central institution, which would be in most cases the safest and most acceptable form of payment.

The essential function of the central bank will be, therefore, with one hand to deliver its own notes without stint for legitimate internal uses and with the other to dip into its gold resources to meet all demands for the export of the yellow metal. But it will not, like the Treasury of the United States during the depression of 1893-96, be a helpless looker-on as its gold is drained away by the presentation of checks and notes for redemption. It will have in its hands the weapon which has been found almost universally effective at European central banks during the past fifty years—the control of the rate of discount. If gold is flowing out more freely than the governor of the central bank considers prudent, he will recommend to the governing board that the discount rate be advanced, to the end that there shall not be a profit in withdrawing capital from America and lending it elsewhere, and that there shall be a profit in retaining in New York foreign funds which might otherwise be exported.

It is this power of the officers of the central bank to take prompt and resolute action to influence the market through the rate of discount which is the key to the whole structure of a central banking mechanism. It is through this power that the governor of the central bank assumes leadership in the money-market and is recognized by other bankers as entitled to such leadership. It is his function to look ahead, to study conditions in foreign markets, to watch the ebb and flow of capital and credit between New York and the interior, and when he believes that a gold export movement is threat-

* This has been the actual experience of the Bank of England, since confidence has been established that the Bank would not be fettered in meeting requirements. *Vide* the author's "History of Modern Banks of Issue," Fourth Edition, p. 131.

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ened beyond the legitimate requirements of commerce, to resolutely advance the rate of discount and to ask the support of the other banks in so doing.

There are many ways of influencing the market and securing the co-operation, cordial or reluctant, of other banks, which there is not space to discuss in this article. The essential point is, however, that the governor of the central bank not only has the power to meet a crisis when it arises, but the duty is imposed upon him of seeing that it does not arise. Under the present banking system, no such power is lodged with any individual, any public official or any banking board. It is only when the crisis becomes so acute that hesitations and jealousies are stilled under the imperative motive of self-preservation that other bankers acquiesce in the appearance of a strong figure on the quarter-deck of the storm-tossed craft of American banking and consent to his seizing the helm and enforcing discipline at the pistol's point.

So much for the functions which a central banking mechanism is designed to fulfil and which it has successfully fulfilled in the most advanced European countries during the past fifty years. The question which is more immediately practical, however, to the business man is whether such a system will afford benefits visible and tangible to the business of the country.

Will the Aldrich plan, if enacted into law, enable the business man to borrow more readily on good security?

Will it enable him to count with assurance on a rate of interest reasonably uniform?

Will it protect him against the sudden tightening of the strings of bank credit when he needs it most, subjecting him to the inconveniences and worries of panic conditions?

Will it enable him to buy his raw material, convert it into finished goods and lay those goods down in foreign markets on terms which are as favorable in respect to credit as those obtained by his foreign competitors?

Let us consider briefly the answers to these questions.

1. Borrowing on favorable terms to carry on commercial operations is promoted in many ways by a central banking mechanism. Such a mechanism, if it brings the scattered parts of the banking and credit system into closer co-ordination, facilitates the movement of capital from localities where there is an excess to those where there is a deficiency

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in relation to the demand. It often happens in an interior community that local enterprises do not absorb all the banking resources of the community. In such cases the surplus, even under the present system, usually goes to New York. There, under the present system, it is loaned to a large extent on call for the purposes of stock-exchange speculation. In the mean time, there may be other communities where manufacturing or commercial exchanges are going on in such volume and with such rapidity that local banking resources are inadequate. For such communities, aid comes from outside by the selling of the commercial paper of local establishments and by obtaining rediscounts.

While a good deal of commercial paper is already being floated throughout the country in a somewhat unregulated and haphazard manner, direct rediscounting is comparatively rare. It is one of the merits of the central banking system that it affords an almost inexhaustible reservoir of credit, from which aid can be obtained, either directly or indirectly, by any sound business enterprise. While a central bank in the United States would discount only for the banks of the larger cities, the latter would in their turn be able to rediscount for institutions smaller and more remote. Thus an unhampered inflow of credit to a central reservoir and an equally unhampered outflow to all parts of the country would create a movement similar to that of the ocean in filling up to a uniform level and with a minimum of friction every nook and cranny where the supply was needed. Credit would be at the command of the sound and solvent manufacturer or merchant within limits fixed only by the relation of his need to the total supply of credit in the country.

2. From what has gone before, it is obvious that greater freedom in the flow of capital and credit would result in a nearer approach to uniformity in the charges for credit. It cannot be prudently predicted, of course, that in a new country, still absorbing enormous amounts of capital and still entering upon enterprises involving financial risks, rates of discount would fall so low or would remain so nearly uniform as at the Bank of France, with the great resources which, under the central banking system, it has been able to place at the command of French commerce. It is instructive, however, to glance at the discount history of the French Bank in recent years, as an illustration of the ideal towards

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which central banking aims. At the Bank of France the rate fixed on May 19th, 1892,—two and one-half per cent. for commercial discounts,—remained unchanged for nearly three years, when it was reduced on March 14th, 1895, to two per cent. The rate rose during the South-African war as high as four and one-half per cent. for brief intervals, but on May 25th, 1900, was fixed at three per cent., and remained unchanged for nearly seven years until the shadow of the approaching panic of 1907 led in that year to some gradual advances. The maximum discount rate reached, however, on November 7th, 1907, while currency suspension and panic had paralyzed the markets of America, was four per cent.

These facts are cited, not to convey the impression that a central banking mechanism in America would at once reduce rates of interest on commercial loans to so low a level as in France, but to indicate the greater tendency towards uniformity in rates which can be counted upon when the scarcity of credit in a given locality can be redressed by the surplus in other localities, and equal distribution of credit can be promoted through a central reservoir, acting as a distributing centre for the existing 20,000 isolated banking units.

3. From the two considerations already set forth,—the ability of the central banking mechanism to promote the equal distribution of credit and its ability to maintain comparative uniformity of discount rates,—follows almost inevitably the third advantage of the system,—that it will safeguard the prudent man of business against panic. This is far from meaning that a central banking mechanism is a substitute for good business judgment on the part of individual manufacturers and merchants or that it will save them harmless from errors of over-production or ill-adjustment of costs to market value. It is not in the power of a central banking mechanism or any other device to put an end absolutely to periods of business expansion and contraction and to reduce to a dead level the flow of commercial production and distribution.

Panic, however, it is in the power of the central banking mechanism both to prevent and to cure. It prevents panic by taking note of the first danger-signals and applying the safeguards of an increased discount rate and intervention in the exchange-market to prevent the loss of gold. It meets serious conditions, if they arise, through its practically un-

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limited resources for extending credit to those needing it temporarily by means of rediscount and the issue of notes. To put the matter in elementary form, without pausing here to set forth all its limitations,—the man who holds sound commercial paper and needs currency can obtain the currency by getting the paper discounted at his bank, and the latter can get it rediscounted at the central bank and obtain in exchange currency in the form of the notes of the bank.

Theoretically, the bank may issue notes to supply the need for currency up to the amount of the good commercial paper offered it for discount. Necessarily, it will keep a certain proportion of gold behind the notes, but with the command which it has over foreign exchange and its responsibility as the central reservoir of credit and gold in the country it can borrow gold freely abroad,—as the Bank of England has repeatedly done of the Bank of France,—and may thus support domestic credit, with no restrictions except those imposed by the character of the paper offered for discount and the prospect of the ultimate soundness of the economic system of the country.

4. If, from what has gone before, it is plain that the central banking mechanism will mean for business men a wider command of credit, a nearer approach to uniformity in charges for credit and the prevention of those paralyzing panics which bring business to a standstill, then it follows that in competition in foreign markets American manufacturers and merchants will be relieved from many of the impediments which they suffer under the existing banking system. If they enjoy more economical methods of production, more efficient machinery, lower freight rates and a better organized system of distribution, these advantages will no longer be neutralized by the defects of a system which imposes high and arbitrary charges for credit and sometimes absolutely refuses it.

One of the cardinal merits of a system of co-ordinated banking, with a central banking mechanism at the centre, will be the substitution of commercial banking for stock-exchange banking. In every European country changes in the rate of discount are determined primarily by the demand for commercial credit. In the New York market, on the contrary, it is the demand for money for speculation which fixes the rate to borrowers. It is the rate for call loans

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which is quoted as the governing factor in the price of money and which determines in a large measure whether commercial credit be granted freely or whether it be refused.

This vicious system will be eliminated by such a central banking mechanism as Senator Aldrich has proposed,—partly by the exclusion of stock-exchange loans from the business of the Reserve Association, partly by giving greater negotiability to commercial paper. In the definition of the functions of the Reserve Association, as laid out by Senator Aldrich, there is no place for loans on stocks and bonds nor for investment by the association in such securities except those of the United States, the States of the Union and foreign governments. Thus, the central institution is taken out of the field of loans for the benefit of Wall Street and its great powers are consecrated to the service of the men who produce and distribute the wealth of the country.

The existing system of commercial loans in the United States is partly to blame for the fact that the rate for call money in Wall Street, rather than the rate for commercial discounts, is considered the index of the rate for short-term credit. Under the American system, the commercial loans and discounts are not readily convertible into cash,—at least not until maturity,—because they consist of single-name paper or credit granted upon bills receivable. A bank cannot readily rediscount such forms of obligation at another bank when it needs to reduce its loans and increase its cash. Under the European system, on the other hand, bills of exchange, drawn by a creditor upon his debtor, when accepted by the latter or by a bank representing him, bear such number and quality of indorsements that they are readily salable to another institution or to a private investor.

The policy of rediscount by the Reserve Association will have a tendency to encourage the use of acceptances in this country, which is one of the greatest merits of the plan of Senator Aldrich. When to this is added the further provision that the Reserve Association shall have power to buy and sell foreign bills of exchange, it becomes clear that it will contribute, aside from its mere function of note issue, to create a mass of readily convertible commercial paper which will make the money-market in America no longer the reflection of the whims and follies of speculators on the stock exchange, but the index of the demand for capital by sober and constructive commercial interests.

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The fear which has been expressed in some quarters that a central banking institution would be under the control of "Wall Street" is likely to turn ultimately, when the plan is carefully examined, into the conviction that it will be the most effective curb on Wall Street. Among the restraints which are imposed upon control of the new institution by any small group of men or special interests are the following:

1. *Form of organization.*—The method in which the Reserve Association is to be organized comes as near to representative democracy as could well be attained in a banking mechanism. The capital of $300,000,000 is to be made up by the national banks, under conditions which make it probable that few or none will fail to participate. Each national bank, however small, is authorized to subscribe for the capital of the Reserve Association to the amount of twenty per cent. of its stock. Each subscribing bank becomes a member of a local association and has a share in its government. The local associations are grouped into fifteen districts and the district board is in turn chosen largely by the participating banks. The board of directors of each division is required to add to its banking members by the election of additional directors equal to one-third the number of local associations in the district. These additional directors are not to be bankers, but are to be chosen from the industrial, commercial, agricultural and other interests of the district. To form the central board of directors of the Reserve Association, fifteen directors are to be first chosen—one by the board of directors of each branch. In order to introduce a still further element of democracy, twelve directors are to be chosen by voting representatives of the banks in each of the fifteen branches. These members of the board, with the representatives of the government, are to elect twelve additional members, who shall in their turn be chosen from the industrial, commercial, agricultural and other interests of the country and who shall not be bankers.

2. *Participation by the Government.*—In order that everything done by the association may be done in the light of day, the board of directors is to contain three representatives of the Government as *ex officio* members—the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor and the Comptroller of the Currency. They are not only to be members of the board of directors, but the Comptroller of the Currency is to be also a member *ex officio* of the ex-

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ecutive committee of nine. Thus no important loans, no changes in the rate of discount, or any measure of general policy, can be carried out without the knowledge of the responsible officers of the Federal Government.

The principal officers of the Reserve Association itself,—the governor and two deputy governors,—are to be selected by the President of the United States from a list submitted by the board of directors, and the governor is subject to removal by the President for cause. These provisions stop half-way between the direct appointment of the executive officers by the Government, which prevails in most of the countries of continental Europe, and absolute freedom in the choice of officers by the bank itself, which is the present policy in this country. It might be an improvement over the proposal of Senator Aldrich if the initiative in selecting these officers were left to the directors of the bank, with only the veto power vested in the President of the United States. Under such an arrangement, it is hardly conceivable that conflict would arise. The directors, even if they had the wish, would not dare send to the President the name of a banker whose name was tainted with speculative ventures or who did not command the unquestioning confidence of the most conservative elements of the community.

One of the provisions for excluding politics from influence in the management is that no member of any national or State legislative body shall be a director of the Reserve Association, nor of any of its branches, nor of any local association. In this respect the project follows the law of 1897 in France, which first prohibited a member of the Chambers from serving as governor of the Bank of France and which compelled the resignation of M. Magnin and the substitution of M. Pallain, the present governor.

3. *Character of business permitted to the bank.*—The functions of the Reserve Association, as defined in the Aldrich project, as already pointed out, are restricted to commercial banking. It may rediscount notes and bills of exchange arising out of commercial transactions; it may purchase short-term acceptances and may deal in foreign bills of exchange. The direct functions of the bank are restricted to aiding in the production and exchange of goods. They will react only indirectly, through the greater stability and security of financial conditions, upon the investment of capital in fixed forms and upon the market for securities.

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Thus, there is no essential benefit to be obtained from controlling the loan funds of the association. Their use is restricted by the plan to the actual producing interests of the country, which are turning raw material into finished goods and throwing them on the market in exchange for short-term commercial paper. Under the project as it stands, the central institution is not authorized to engage in underwritings or the offer of loans, even those of the Government, nor to lend on stocks and bonds; so that the motive which influenced the control of the resources of the big insurance companies,—that they might be employed in absorbing new securities and in lending on them for speculative purposes,—would be wholly lacking.

4. *Limitation of the dividend paid.* — The new project provides that the dividend to stockholders shall be four per cent. and shall in no case exceed five per cent. After their dividend has reached five per cent., any further excess of profits is to be divided—one-half to the surplus of the Reserve Association and one-half to the Government. When the surplus has reached twenty per cent. all excess earnings go into the public Treasury.

In providing that the functions of the central banking mechanism shall concern only commercial transactions, and that these functions shall be exercised through an organization the control of which reaches back to the small banks of the country, the plan of Senator Aldrich extends the principle of democracy from political affairs to our financial system. It becomes no longer, as under existing law, a democracy which is scattered, unorganized and helpless. It is a democracy which comes into its own, through the representative system, by which the influence of the humblest in the financial world reaches up, through this power of representation, to the seats of the kings of finance. Through this organized democracy of finance and through the substitution of commercial banking for speculative banking, the tendency of such a system must inevitably be to limit the power of "Wall Street" and the great financial interests to their legitimate field. In the field of commercial banking the new plan proposes to substitute the system of ordered self-government, as it exists in the American political world, for the appearance, at recurring intervals, of the financial Cæsar or Napoleon, who comes forth in great emergencies as the savior of financial society.

CHARLES A. CONANT.

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INTERPRETATION OF THE BIBLE AND THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION

BY GEORGE HOLLEY GILBERT

THERE may be nothing in our celebration of the tercentenary of the King James translation of the Bible as picturesque as that which is said to have taken place in Alexandria in the first century when the Jews, festively arrayed, went forth in long processions to the island of Pharos, and there with songs and addresses commemorated the translation of the Hebrew Old Testament into the Greek tongue; but the present anniversary, unlike that of long ago, will be remembered throughout all lands, wherever the English language is used.

The current interest in that event of 1611 is due in large measure to the fact that the Bible, within the past half-century, has come to have fresh vitality and charm through the application of scientific principles of interpretation. The occasion, therefore, is a suitable one on which to consider in the broadest manner the question of the relation between the interpretation of the Bible and the progress of Christian civilization.

The theme has a dark side as well as a light one. Interpretation of the Bible has crippled and retarded, as certainly as it has promoted, Christian civilization. If it has made the Bible to be wings to the human spirit, it has also made it into gyves and fetters. It has put truth on the scaffold and wrong on the throne no less truly than it has honored truth and promoted righteousness.

In the first place, interpretation of the Bible has crippled and retarded the progress of civilization when it has declared itself to be final and unchangeable. Whenever one generation or age has bequeathed to another an absolute trust in a particular interpretation of the Bible, or, in other words, when it has handed down as authoritative and neces-

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sary certain doctrines which it claims to be adequate statements of the truth of Scripture, it has in so far done to succeeding times two evils: it has perpetuated through them its own imperfect vision of truth, and it has effectually kept them from any quickening contact with the original utterances of revelation. It is sufficient to give one illustration of this baleful influence of interpretation.

In the second, third, and fourth centuries there was developed in the Church, under the influence of a considerable number of eminent writers, a system of orthodox theology. During the same period Christianity became the dominant factor in the crumbling empire of Rome. It became a highly organized and, toward the last, a firmly centralized institution. The system of theology and the institution were vitally related, and the power of the institution upheld and the system essentially unchanged for a thousand years.

Now this system of doctrine was believed to be biblical, to rest at every point on unquestionable evidence of Scripture. Hence as time passed this supposed interpretation of the oracles of God gained increasing authority. Throughout the entire Middle Age there was no fresh and original interpretation of Scripture. Indeed, as far as the practical belief of men was concerned, the word of Scripture was a negligible quantity by the side of the doctrine of the Church. The Fathers eclipsed the prophets and apostles. For hundreds of years, from Procopius of Gaza to Aquinas, the only work corresponding to our exegetical literature consisted exclusively of quotations from the Fathers. The consummation of this species of interpretation was *The Golden Chain* of St. Thomas. The springs of the Bible were sealed. Only so much of its teaching was accessible as had been apprehended by the Fathers, and even this was mixed with numerous and important elements from pagan philosophy.

Now even if the Fathers had been model interpreters, if they had known Hebrew and had possessed the historical spirit, if they had held tenable views of the origin of the Bible and had appreciated the development of doctrine which it contains, nevertheless it would have been disastrous for subsequent generations to have looked back to their interpretation as an authoritative and inspired standard. This would have been intellectual slavery, and it would also have been the renunciation of direct fellowship with the inner spirit of the Scriptures. But the Fathers were *not* model

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interpreters. They were children of their respective ages, and those ages, say from Justin Martyr to Augustine, were not favorable to the development of safe interpreters. And it is true not only that the Fathers were not model interpreters—which, of course, ought not to be expected of them—but also that from the standpoint of the present they were totally unreliable interpreters. Hence the dominance of their interpretation from the fifth to the fifteenth century, though by no means the sole cause of the intellectual and spiritual stagnation of the Middle Age, was most certainly *one* cause of that stagnation.

Again, interpretation of the Bible has crippled and retarded the progress of civilization by maintaining that one part of the Bible is as true as another. This has been the working theory of all interpreters who have regarded the Bible as supernaturally inspired. In what specific ways this has worked against the progress of man might be shown at great length, for it has seemed to give divine sanction to a thousand social and political abuses, but two or three instances will suffice for the present purpose. In the first place, the position that the entire Bible is homogeneous and all parts equally true has perpetuated the imperfect ethics and in some cases the un-Christian institutions of the Old Testament. The Israelitish invasion of Palestine with its attendant slaughter or enslavement of its inhabitants has given encouragement to many an atrocious crime against humanity. The Deuteronomic law of divorce, which probably regulated an evil in its day, was cited in the time of Jesus in support of a most lax view of the marriage relation, and now, after nineteen centuries of Christian history, our own divorce customs and legislation are decidedly nearer the Deuteronomic and Old Testament standard than they are to the standard of the New Testament. The existence of slavery in ancient Israel was appealed to by clergymen both in the South and in the North in the days before our Civil War in support of the institution on American soil. The spirit of narrow religious exclusiveness which characterized the attitude of the Jewish people toward the Gentiles—a spirit that left the great mass of humanity out of God's covenant of mercy and favor—has through a false interpretation been perpetuated in the Christian Church, and here and there, especially in past centuries, has characterized the Church's attitude toward the heathen world.

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But this survival of the imperfections of Old Testament ethics, far-reaching and disastrous as it has been to the cause of human progress, is by no means the chief evil which has come from the false principle of interpretation, that one part of the Bible is as true as another. The greatest loss to humanity is of another and quite different sort. If all parts of the Bible are equally divine, then the words of Jesus have no pre-eminence, and the example of Jesus reveals no other spirit than that which filled all the worthies from Adam down. He whose fulfilment of the old made the old practically obsolete is brought down to the level of the oldest of that old.

Consider the monstrous spectacle of an Athanasius elaborating a doctrine of the person of Christ, not out of Christ's own self-revealing words, but out of the eighth chapter of the ancient book of Proverbs! Or consider what it has meant to have successive generations of men nourished in the belief that Christ is everywhere manifest in the Old Testament, that every word of it was mediated through Him, that He was the author of Psalms whose spirit is to the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount as human hate is to divine love! Under the false principle of which we speak His light has been persistently blended with relative darkness; His uniqueness has been bracketed with the commonplace; His example has been reduced to the level of His disciples, yea, to the level of the most ordinary Old Testament saint-hood.

The motive power in the apostolic age was a sense of the personality of Jesus, of His love, His confidence in God, His assurance of the divine presence. This power might and should have characterized every subsequent age. It was the great and singular boon offered to men through Jesus. But this gift has been only very imperfectly realized since the early days, and this failure must be ascribed largely to the age-long supremacy of the doctrine that one part of the Bible is as true and as good as another. This has done much to rob human progress of the strongest and purest stimulus which it has ever felt. It has dealt a paralyzing blow to the influence of Jesus.

We will notice briefly yet another feature of this aspect of our subject. Interpretation of the Bible has crippled and retarded human progress by the assumption that the Bible was intended to furnish a comprehensive standard for

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human thought, a standard of knowledge regarding the works of God as well as the will of God. The tragic facts that have flowed from this fatal assumption have come to be recognized in recent years as constituting a heavy indictment of the intelligence and the spirit of the Church. They are too well known to demand more than a passing notice here. It would probably be safe to say that the ecclesiastical interpretation of the first ten chapters of Genesis has, through its hostility to science and its final complete overthrow by science, contributed more than any other single cause of the last fifty years to the loss of prestige on the part of the Church. That interpretation brought to the stake or cast into dungeons some of the foremost men of science of all the centuries; but this evil and loss, though great, was immeasurably less than the consequent undermining of confidence in the Church and respect for its teaching. The Church is paying heavily for its "gift" of interpretation, once vainly supposed to be infallible. It is coming to see the momentous peril to the cause of human progress which lies in the venerable but false assumption that the Bible furnishes a comprehensive standard, historical and scientific no less than ethical.

But enough has been said to indicate how the interpretation of the Bible has blocked the wheels of human progress. There is, however, another and more pleasing aspect of the relation of interpretation to the progress of civilization. By far the greatest service of the interpretation of the Bible to the cause of human progress is doubtless yet to be seen, perhaps in a very remote future, but the past has not been barren of such service, neither is the present barren. Let us fix our attention on three critical chapters in this yet unwritten history. And first on one in the distant past.

Jesus stood in a manifold quickening relationship to human progress, but the Church in defining His services has never taken notice of what He did as an interpreter of the Jewish Scriptures. Yet this was one of His fundamental services to the progress of civilization. He was born at a time when His people were intellectually enslaved by a supposedly divine interpretation of their Scriptures. For Himself and for His disciples He broke the sway of that interpretation. He gave a new, emancipating, enlarging interpretation of the ancient writings. This interpretation

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was broadly rational and in a true sense historical. It recognized in the Old Testament a lower and a higher. It set aside certain elements as obsolete, it presented others as of abiding significance for the kingdom of truth. It rescued the Old Testament from the abyss where it lay buried under an all-powerful oral tradition, and brought it forth for a far larger mission than it had fulfilled in the past. Jesus gave an example of interpretation by the side of which history has set no parallel. Had He been studied as an interpreter, the Church might have been saved from all its radically false and harmful conceptions of the Old Testament revelation. It could not have made the Old Testament a *Christian* book; it could not have found its centre of gravity in predictions of the future; it could not have made Genesis an authority on Natural Science.

It may seem, in view of these statements, as though the service which Jesus rendered to the cause of civilization by His interpretation of the Old Testament was, after all, only a "might have been." But this was not the case. For Jesus Himself and His work would have been impossible had He not interpreted the Old Testament as He did, had He not recognized its defects, had He not appreciated its supreme aim, had He not discovered in it true nourishment for His pure spirit. Through His own personal achievement, therefore, if as yet in no other way, His interpretation of the Old Testament stands, I think, in a most intimate relation to Christian civilization.

A second service rendered by the interpretation of the Bible to the cause of human progress was that of the sixteenth century. Again, as in the time of Jesus, the sway of an ancient tradition was to be broken, and this was done by the reformers. As Jesus had rescued the Old Testament from beneath the oppressive mass of the oral law, so Luther and Calvin, with others who shared their spirit, rescued the Bible from beneath the canons and decrees and theology of the Church. But the parallel between their act and His must not be carried too far. It was their mission to lead a part of the Church back to the fountains of Scripture rather than to bring forth the waters of those fountains in their purity. Their service to the progress of civilization in connection with the Bible was that they uncovered it, and awakened a thirst for it. They thrust it anew as leaven into the society of their day. But of this new

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feeling for the Bible, this exaltation of its teaching above councils and popes, though it was indeed significant for the progress of Christian civilization, we shall not speak, for we are concerned exclusively with the *interpretation* of the Bible. Now in this field the service of the reformers was negative rather than positive, but still, though negative, it was of great and abiding importance. This service, most consistently and conspicuously rendered by Calvin, was the rejection of the allegorical method of interpretation, which had wrought havoc with the sense of Scripture since the days of Origen. Luther denounced this method in his usual vigorous fashion, but never escaped from its fascination. The cold, logical, legally trained intellect of the Genevan reformer first gave an interpretation of Scripture free from the poison of the ancient Alexandrian leaven—would that it had been free also from bondage to the theology of the early Church!—and Calvin's interpretation became the most widely accepted standard throughout Protestant Europe.

This was a great deliverance, how great no one of the present day can begin to realize who has not read the old allegorical explanation of Scripture. If that method of interpretation had remained in force down to our time, and if we could suppose that, in spite of the continuance of this method of handling the Bible, the modern development of science would have taken place as it has, then there can be no doubt that the Bible would occupy to-day very much the same position as fell to it in the Middle Age. It would have little direct influence on the actual life of the age. A book which could be construed to mean whatever the fancy of the interpreter wished to deduce out of it would surely have slight power in the modern world.

The interpretation of the reformers had radical faults, and to some of these the inefficiency of the Church in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was in no small degree due; but the claim here first put forward on their behalf is that they rendered a very direct and extensive service to human progress in breaking the spell of one of the most fatal errors that ever stood between the Bible and the accomplishment of its mission in the world.

It remains to speak, in conclusion, of a third critical event in the relation of the interpretation of the Bible to the progress of civilization. This is the rise and development of historical criticism, the scientific counterpart of the emanci-

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pating act of Jesus as an interpreter of the Jewish Scriptures. One may say that it is yet too early to speak of the service of this new method of interpretation to the cause of civilization, and that is of course true as regards a comprehensive and final estimate; but it is not too early to see that the relation of this historical method of interpretation to human progress is one of vital significance.

It is doubtless conceivable that, just as the principles of interpretation involved in Jesus' use of the Old Testament have been, as principles, fruitless down to the present age, so the scientific method of interpretation may yet, through the exaggerations of radicals, the reaction of the conservative masses of the Church universal, the encyclicals of popes, or through the unknown influence of the conversion of great nations like China and India, be set aside for indefinite periods and be replaced by the Origenistic method, or by another equally wide of the truth. But such a fate would no more alter the facts of the present period with its absolutely unparalleled appreciation and influence of the Bible than the medieval forgetfulness of the earthly life of Jesus destroyed that life's eternal significance for the progress of man.

Whatever may be the relation of the historical criticism of the Bible to human civilization a thousand years hence, or ten thousand, it is now at the beginning of this twentieth century a relation full of vitality and instinct with hope. The services it has rendered and is rendering are enormous. It has not only saved the Bible in the day of the revelations of science, but it has justified the Bible's existence and mission to many of the foremost representatives of science itself. This will surely be held to be a distinguished service to human progress by all who believe that religion is a factor in this progress. Again, the modern method of interpretation is serving the cause of civilization by uncovering, as was never done before, the motives and ideals of that literature which of all the literatures of history is far the deepest, purest, and most inspiring. It is pouring into the channels of civilization, as from a newly discovered fountain of life, the waters that have power over the spiritual nature of man. It has made the Bible, even in this age of science, a greater magnet than it was in the days of Luther, when books were few, when life was simpler and more unsophisticated, and when it was first set forth in the language of the masses.

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If then the old stories of Genesis, if the visions of the prophets, if the word of the Master, if the letters of the apostles, really stand in any helpful relation to human progress, if they have an unwasting message and an indestructible stimulus for that which is highest in man, the lover of progress will also be a lover of the historical criticism of the Bible.

Nor is this all. The historical method of interpretation is serving the cause of human progress on a magnificent scale through its influence on those men and women and books that are bringing the Bible message into contact with the great unevangelized nations. No doubt there are many missionaries who know nothing of Graf and Wellhausen, of Baur and Strauss, of Colenso and W. R. Smith and a score of others distinguished in the history of the critical method, but there are few who have not been at least indirectly instructed by these men and whose views of the Bible have not been changed by the development of historical criticism. The interpretation of the Bible which is being promulgated in India and China and Japan is not that of Origen or Luther or Calvin, neither is it that of the extreme critics of our own day; but it is an interpretation that is more and more deeply permeated by the influence of the modern historical method.

It is probably true that the Church ought to have given the Bible to the great nations of the Orient a thousand years ago, but those nations are not wholly losers because this did not take place. If we have regard to the future, to the China or India or Japan of a century or five centuries hence, then we may hold it most fortunate that their evangelization has been left until this modern age. For the value of Christianity as a factor in civilization, at least if we have reference to nations already possessing an advanced civilization, depends on its interpretation of the Bible. If that interpretation is made to consist in rites and ceremonies, as was the case with the medieval Church, it may be doubted whether it is much to be preferred to the purer of the ethnic faiths. If the interpretation of the central teachings of the Bible is erroneous, either in what it says or what it ignores, it may not be worth transplanting to nations which have it not.

It is, therefore, to be regarded as one of the most significant orderings of God in the history of human prog-

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ress that the modern scientific interpretation of the Bible has been contemporary with the beginnings of the greatest missionary movement since the age of the apostles.

We have now noticed briefly the three critical events which were chosen to illustrate the helpful bearing of interpretation on the progress of civilization—Jesus' interpretation of the Jewish Scriptures, the interpretation of the reformers of the sixteenth century and modern historical criticism.

So long as the Christian religion rests on a historical revelation contained in a book, the interpretation of that book will be one of the most vital questions that the world will have to consider. If this interpretation is according to unsound principles, then, no matter how devout it may be, it will mar or retard the course of civilization, and the greater the ecclesiastical authority behind it, the greater will be its power for evil. If the interpretation of Scripture is a grotesque or hideous mask on its truth, then it makes the Bible minister to grotesque or hideous social and religious institutions. Mormonism holds the Bible among its sacred books, Mohammedanism professes to reverence Jesus and to worship the God of Abraham, the inhuman treatment of the Jews in the Middle Age and in some regions at the present day has been conducted under the banner of the Cross, the devastating wars of the fourth and fifth centuries were waged to establish as a doctrine of Scripture what is now widely recognized as unscriptural, and the Spanish Inquisition, which appears to have been inspired of Satan, carried out its designs in the name of the Trinity!

To have, on the contrary, an interpretation of the Bible which is as a clear and pure glass through which we can see its original sense, an interpretation such as historical criticism is slowly but surely achieving, and to have this interpretation taken up into the personal life where alone it can deeply affect the world, is to insure the best progress not in one element of Christian civilization merely, but in all essential elements.

George Holley Gilbert.

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NEEDED—A DOMESTIC IMMIGRATION POLICY

BY FRANCES A. KELLOR

THE Federal Immigration Commission which has been at work three years has made its report. To those interested in our foreign policy, especially the two camps of restrictionists and anti-restrictionists, the recommendations will be welcome, for they are definite and clear the field for restrictive action and promise facts with which to support the recommendations made. To that small group of dreamers who had expected the promulgation of a domestic policy, who had waited for the constructive note, who had hoped that the Government might be urged to accept some of the responsibilities which it now leaves to benevolence, the overwhelming negative position of the commission is a disappointment. The commission's investigations may provide unwittingly the material for the welding of a domestic policy, but its conclusions do not foreshadow it. The commission recommends, first, the better protection of the United States against criminal and other debarred classes; second, sufficient appropriation to enforce the immigration laws; third, satisfaction with the new steerage law, but recommends that inspectors be placed on board each ship; fourth, different method of appointment of Boards of Special Inquiry; fifth, action on the part of the States to prevent exploitation and a limited extension of the Federal Division of Information; sixth, a different method of determining the necessity for importing skilled labor; seventh, approval of Chinese, Japanese and Korean Exclusion acts, and the necessity for an understanding with the British Government for the further exclusion of East-Indian laborers; and eighth, further restriction of unskilled laborers.

It will be seen that seven of the proposed regulations deal with improvements in existing restrictive machinery and with exclusion. One recommendation only, the fifth, takes

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up the questions of exploitation: safeguarding savings sent abroad, encouragement of permanent residence, naturalization and a better distribution. Instead of sounding a strong, clear, definite national note of a domestic policy with reference to the conditions which now exist throughout the country, these matters are respectfully referred to the various States, and even here not the constructive, but the negative note of increased deportation is struck. The extension of the Division of Information, designed to promote distribution, is recommended in so colorless a way that it carries little conviction.

Officials charged with either formulating or enforcing the Government's policy recognize that it has two distinct phases, no matter how closely related are causes and results, which call for a different method of treatment. One is negative, national and international in scope, and deals with the admission or exclusion of aliens. It is determined by international agreements, treaties, economic conditions and expansion of trades. So far as expressed in regulations, these are definite and comprehensive and adequate machinery is provided for their enforcement. That they are not wholly practical and humane is nowhere better shown than that for the year ending June 30th, 1910, 24,270 persons under this system were allowed to break up their homes and come to our shores, only to be deported, a hardship of travel both ways that should not be tolerated. With this policy of exclusion of admission of aliens the commission has apparently adequately dealt.

The second phase is the assimilation of the immigrant after arrival—constituting our domestic policy. This necessarily includes distribution, protection and education after he is admitted to residence. This is an ever-pressing question, regardless of the number and nationality, which may increase or decrease the volume and character of the problem, but which in no wise changes the essential features of the policy to be adopted. On this matter of domestic policy the commission is singularly and disappointingly silent. Whatever study it has made of conditions in the country is apparently largely used in recommendations for exclusion. No matter how strict these laws are made, they will not solve the problem already confronting the nation and States.

What are the obligations and requirements exacted from the alien on admission to this country by our foreign policy?

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He must possess a sound body, a minimum amount of money, the assumption being that he is to earn his living as a laborer. He must possess fair intelligence and a good record. Generally, upon arrival, he must measure up in obedience to a most complex enactment of Federal, State and municipal regulations, unheralded by soldiers or other familiar exponents of government. The regulations for admission also admit aliens without industrial, and frequently without any school, training, and women and children wholly unfamiliar with the freedom, rights and protection accorded to such in this country.

The very conditions of entrance impose on the Government at once the imperative necessity for distribution, education and protection if the domestic policy is to be assimilation. They are strangers and must find homes; they are unemployed and must find work; they are ignorant and of great faith in the new country and must find protection; they do not know our language, which is essential to industrial progress; there are children to enter our schools and women entitled to rights and privileges as yet unknown to them; when savings begin, safe depositories must be found; because the families of many immigrants are still in the home country, savings must be shared and a safe means of communication found.

These and many similar influences present a distinct problem unknown to the native-born. The alien will not, and therefore cannot, be distributed unless others of his own race are in the locality, owing to differences of language, customs and racial traits. He is not adequately protected by prevailing general laws, but special laws must be drafted to meet his needs. This is amply illustrated by the report on immigrant banks, by the New York State Commission of Immigration, which has been verified in every particular by the recent special report on this subject by the Federal Immigration Commission. It is also seen in the report on notaries public of the New York State Immigration Commission, where it was shown that the functions of this official among foreigners is very different from that among American-born, and to meet such conditions a special law was passed in New York in 1910. The alien cannot be educated except through special schools or classes in English and civics, and he cannot become a skilled workman without opportunity for industrial training. Consequently, he can-

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not become assimilated without a special process. Furthermore, there exists in very many localities and among very many classes of people an unreasonable prejudice, amounting to the feeling and belief that foreigners are a different kind of people from "our people," and that they are, therefore, warranted in according them different treatment not sanctioned by the Golden Rule. No process of assimilation will, therefore, be successful which does not educate and amalgamate the native-born American as well as the alien. Inquiry shows that nation, States and municipalities have formulated no policy looking toward an assimilation which reckons with these various elements and conditions.

Assuming that our domestic policy is assimilation, which is strengthening in the immigrant that inheritance which will enrich our national life, as well as bringing to him what America now holds of freedom, justice, opportunity and benevolence, what are the means adopted by the Government to accomplish this? The essentials of such a policy obviously do not lie in regulations, repressions and negation, because these characterize our foreign policy. They must, therefore, lie in fair industrial opportunity, distribution, protection, education and equal protection of the laws.

First, industrial opportunity and distribution. Upon the main facts of fair industrial opportunity there is agreement that too many unskilled workers, among them many peasants, women and children, crowd the cities, increase the evils of home work and child labor and imperil the health and lives of children by overcrowding. It is also known that in smaller communities, labor camps, colonies, and in some industries, notably the steel-mills and canneries, aliens are underpaid, wretchedly housed and, as one woman said, "a blight on our civilization that some people should be allowed or compelled to live as they do in some of our small communities." Distribution is no solution for the prevailing standards of living without other effort on the part of the Government. What, then, constitutes wise and efficient distribution, and what are the results of the artificial distribution already attempted?

In 1907, there was established by the Federal Government a Division of Information

"for the purpose of promoting a beneficial distribution of aliens by publishing information gathered from the several States regarding the sources, products and physical characteristics and to publish such information in

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different languages, this to be distributed to admitted aliens who may ask for such information at immigrant stations. States may have representatives at these stations for the purpose of presenting special inducements to immigrants to settle in the respective States."

This bureau has but a small appropriation. It has collected information regarding labor in various parts of the country and its chief work has been in finding employment. Its work for a considerable time was limited to furnishing farm laborers and domestics only, and it was prohibited from distributing information on board ship or at ports of entry. The provision that information should be furnished *on request only* has resulted in a very limited distribution of information, as most aliens are ignorant of its existence. The average number of persons furnished employment per year is about 4,000, while information is given to three or four times this number. This bureau is not popular and each year its abolition is recommended. A bill introduced in February, 1910, providing for the establishment of branches in various parts of the country and for the regulation of private employment agencies doing an interstate business, failed of passage. With one or two exceptions the States have not availed themselves of the privilege of having representatives at immigration ports.

The restrictions upon the activities of the bureau are due to the fear that immigration would be encouraged and laborers directed to places where there was an over-supply of labor. Had the opposition concerned itself with directing and constructing the work of this bureau, with developing a domestic policy while endeavoring to fortify the external policy of exclusion, in other words, judicially balancing the two, a memorable beginning in our domestic policy would have been made.

On the subject of this bureau the Federal Immigration Commission recommends:

"Since the distribution of the thrifty immigrant to sections of the country where he may secure a permanent residence to the best advantage, and especially where he may invest his savings in farms or engage in agricultural pursuits, is most desirable, the division of information should be so conducted as to co-operate with States desiring immigrant settlers; and information concerning the opportunities for settlement should be brought to the attention of immigrants in industrial centres who have been here for some time and who might be thus induced to invest their savings in this country and become permanent agricultural settlers. The division might also secure and furnish to all laborers alike informa-

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tion in showing opportunities for permanent employment in various sections of the country, together with the economic conditions in such places."

A wise and comprehensive distribution scheme, as a part of the process of assimilation, would make this Division something more than a labor agency. It would invest it with powers to study the problem of congestion and distribution, to issue publications regarding opportunities in the whole country, and enable it to become the clearing-house not only in actual distribution, but in education. Here should be worked out the principles and methods of establishing uniform State agencies to be recommended to States and cities. Here States should be able to turn for suggestions and co-operation. The establishment of a series of Federal employment agencies may indeed be one very important part of the work of distribution, but furnishing men with a needed job to-day is not more important than knowing how and under what conditions other jobs are furnished and what opportunities there are for fitting the man into a place of progression. This is especially true when the work of such a bureau represents less than one per cent. of the total number of persons placed through employment agencies. Regardless of the number of branches the Government may establish, private agencies will never cease to need control.

A number of the States have adopted a somewhat uniform policy with reference to the distribution of the unemployed in the establishment of free employment agencies. Unfortunately, with a few exceptions, the establishment of these bureaus has not been accompanied by a corresponding wise regulation of private agencies, and they have suffered because of insufficient appropriations and excessive competition. The principle of State bureaus has not yet been intelligently applied as a remedy for the immigrant unemployed. The extension of such State agencies co-operating with Federal bureaus and of State regulation of private agencies supplementing Federal action is a sound domestic policy.

A second important State action has been the establishment of bureaus, departments, boards or commissions of immigration. Some dozen States already have such bodies, chiefly in the South and West. They are located, with the exception of New York, chiefly in States desiring settlers and wishing to develop their industries and resources. With the exception of New York State, any non-resident of the

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State is considered an immigrant, and these bureaus have for the most part confined their attentions to Americans residing in other States. They have hitherto dealt more largely with the land than with the labor problem and not at all with education or protection. In New York, the recently established Bureau of Industries and Immigration is too new and has so many complicated duties to perform that no estimate can be given of what its work in this direction will include. Departments of Agriculture in a number of States, including New York, have farm labor bureaus which are an important factor in distribution and two States have temporary congestion commissions which are investigating conditions.

There is, therefore, a well-defined policy with reference to unemployment and distribution consisting, first, of Federal and State Employment Bureaus needing extension and co-ordination so that middlemen who now control the furnishing of jobs must give way to the State, as is the case in all other countries. Second, there exist Federal and State Bureaus of Immigration needing development and broader scope and some means of efficient co-operation. Each one now works for itself by more or less wasteful methods—a loss borne chiefly by the immigrant. Third, States regulate private agencies by widely varying laws and are powerless to protect the unemployed going from one State to another, which is characteristic of male unskilled labor. There is a tendency, however, to regulate private agencies by uniform laws. Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania have almost identical laws and a similar law is pending in Ohio.

No system of distribution can be deemed a good one which is but temporary—concentrating men in seasonal employments in summer and forcing them to crowd the cities for the winter months; no system can be a good one which sends men away from cities with their advantages to communities or districts where they live like animals, with no opportunities for education, religion or culture; nor can it be a good one where men are segregated and families discouraged or where aliens concentrate in colonies and are cut off from Americanizing influences. Therefore, these various movements can hardly be said to constitute a conscious, well-defined policy.

The question naturally arises, if we are to have a national

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and State policy of distribution and of relieving unemployment, do we not therefore need protection for aliens on the part of the nation and commonwealth? We have considered it necessary to protect American institutions and workmen from aliens, as witness the laws forbidding aliens to work in certain occupations; prohibition of aliens from carrying firearms; and forbidding the non-resident family or relative of an alien to bring suit in some of our courts, though the husband or breadwinner may have lost his life in an accident through no fault of his own. Are there not also conditions which may require uniform protective laws for the newly arrived alien?

Under our immigration regulations and by contract with the Government, we have insisted that aliens at Ellis Island shall be rated and routed directly from the island and shall not be detained in New York to be exploited. We have also insisted that they shall be sent to their destinations by the most direct route. We still leave the second-cabin alien to the mercy of runners, boarding-houses and other agents to be detained and exploited as long as they see fit;—even when they have orders for through tickets. In 1910 there arrived at the port of New York alone 137,288 second-cabin passengers, no small number calling for protection. We pay no attention whatever to the time, way or condition in which any alien arrives at his destination or how he is transferred through the various cities. We let practically any one who will act as his guide and informant, regardless of the fact that first impressions of America are from persons who regard him as legitimate prey. How can we possibly expect an alien to be law-abiding, properly respecting and honest, when his first experiences in this country are robbery, overcharging, neglect and frequently instructions to evade the law?

We furnish the alien with no information whatever about our resources, conditions, laws, obligations, rights and duties, leaving that to his own countrymen or to business and political interests that crowd the foreign newspapers with exaggerations and misrepresentations, of which practices the Government itself is ignorant.

Is it unreasonable, or, more dreadful still, unconstitutional, to require that a part of our domestic policy shall be first the establishment of the principle and the necessary machinery for protecting newly arrived aliens on the way to their final

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destination? Were this the business of the Government, railways, coastwise steamship lines and transfer companies would co-operate to eliminate discriminations in matters of rates, accommodation, food and transfers which now affect the alien en route to his final destination. Since it has been the business of the State of New York to protect aliens on docks, ferries, boats and trains, complaints and suggestions have been welcomed by transportation lines and improvements made. Frequently the exploitations are petty, and the responsible officials do not know of them. Chicago, the greatest redistribution point in the country, has long fought for an immigrant station as a means of preventing the fraud and abuses incident to the transfer of through alien passengers to the West. It is a short-sighted policy which denies this request and fails to recognize a similar need in other cities.

Is it unreasonable to require that nation and State shall prepare, in languages which he can understand, information which will be of service to the alien? It may be contended that he will not read it, that the word of his friend counts for more. This is true at first. But it opens his mind, sets him thinking, gives him the feeling that the new country is interested in him as an individual, and later, when the need comes, he has more than one source from which to draw. Such information educates his own countrymen who assume to educate him and he is less in their power. Take, for instance, the matter of child labor and the compulsory education law. It is known that many parents and relatives bring in children for the sole purpose of working them. Some are ignorant, others intend to defy the law. Were each alien furnished with a simple statement of the laws of the State where he is going, and with directions for obtaining working-papers, and were foreign Governments asked to impart such information, no alien could plead ignorance and there would be less evasion in cases where children are really entitled to working-papers. I would go a step further—120,509 children under fourteen were admitted to the United States in 1909-10. In some years it is even greater. Is there any reason why the Federal Government should not furnish to each State Department of Education or other designated bureau, at stated intervals to be agreed upon, the name and address of each alien child and that these should be sent to the various school authorities in the State

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and the children visited and brought into the school? Of what use are truant officers and schools when hundreds of children arrive weekly and go to various parts of the States, when school authorities have no possible knowledge of their arrival? Steamship companies should also be penalized for false addresses. No system of visiting children will be a great success if such agents give aliens false addresses and such centres as banks and employment agents receive large consignments of aliens which they in turn distribute. The development of an alien child-welfare campaign on the part of nation and States would tend to correct both the neglect and the abuses which especially characterize our treatment of alien children.

There are other matters which fall more particularly within the province of the State, but upon which there has been little agreement and action. The alien workman is the poorest protected of all humanity in this country and is even worse off than the children. Two illustrations show this: In labor camps, the working and living conditions of men are the worst known in the country and the children are the most neglected. In home work, the women are the most exploited. Both industries depend largely upon aliens. We cannot build up a sound country until protection is afforded aliens in the industries which they largely constitute. Every progressive State now has a child-labor law as a part of its policy. No State has any kind of an alien labor law. Every progressive State should add regulation of conditions in labor camps, elimination of home work and the establishment of minimum wage schedules below which it is agreed no person can maintain a decent standard of living. Unless this is done, the restrictionists will find ample arguments in our economic treatment of aliens to force a higher wage rate and standard of living by limiting the supply of alien labor.

Another matter calling for attention is the protection of aliens in the courts—not only an extension of safeguards under treaties, but adequate and efficient interpreter service on which the alien's sole chance of justice so often depends; of information and facilities for communicating with his friends when first taken to the police station; of the use of summons instead of warrants for minor offences, so as to save loss of working time and of jobs and of a more determined effort to secure for him the equal protection of

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our laws. There are peculiarities in the alien's condition which make the consideration of a special court or of night sessions of court one of importance. The alien is so often denied a hearing or cannot avail himself of the law, because he is so often a transient. Such a large part of the alien population being male, unemployed or unskilled, thousands pass through a city like New York, either coming or going, with but little money and the possible loss of a job if they delay to have their wrongs righted. They literally run the risk of starving while they are trying to collect wages due or recover losses. Exploiters commit frauds, counting on the immunity which is assured them by a friendless, homeless man, poor and without a knowledge of the language, who cannot afford to obtain justice which is to him an expensive luxury. The experiment of night courts might apply to civil courts, especially in wages cases. Many a workman cannot obtain justice because his presence in court means the loss of a job.

No domestic policy would be complete without some educational programme. Recognizing the limitations of the powers of the Federal Department of Education, there still appears to be no sound reason why it should not be interested in the education of aliens to the extent of studying the facilities now offered for both adults and children. The Federal Immigration Commission made a study of the children of immigrants in schools, but there exists no central organization to put whatever recommendations it may make into practice. The subjects of adult education in English and civics remain untouched by the commission and there are no data showing the progress or methods in use in various States which could be nationalized, as is our public school system. One of the illustrations of this anomaly is that the Bureau of Naturalization requires a knowledge of English and of American institutions, but in no way provides any such instruction. It leaves this entirely to the politician or to the philanthropist, with the result that the examinations are a farce and the process of citizenship undignified and superficial.

It is conceivable that the time will come when a part of the immigration policy of the States will be the establishment of schools of citizenship with regular and graded courses in both English and civics not only to meet naturalization requirements, but to meet industrial requirements.

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There is no reason why the work of the courts should not be dignified and simplified by the acceptance of certificates from such established schools under Boards of Education, attesting qualifications for the granting of the various papers, nor is there any reason why such schools should not provide instruction corresponding to the requirements for first, second and third papers. Furthermore, the tendency of legislation is to restrict many occupations to citizens, and trade instruction showing what occupations require citizenship as well as instruction in the requirement of such business would prove highly important to assimilation and to progress.

Night schools for teaching English in various districts with as many different systems as there are teachers; no system of compulsory attendance or truancy officers; miscellaneous lectures on citizenship — all coming at the end of the day, when men and women are fatigued, will not answer the need. It is also conceivable that employers may find the introduction of English classes during work hours not impossible as a means of obtaining greater efficiency and decreasing the cost of industrial accidents, so often due to ignorance of the English language in which orders are given. It is quite possible that State Departments of Education may take an interest in the working out of school methods and text-books to suit the needs of aliens and that State legislatures may see the necessity for an appropriation for schools in camps, and a fund to be applied to localities where numbers of alien families are suddenly placed at work temporarily on contracts. These emergency families not only test the resources of the local school, but impair its efficiency for American children in matters of grading, and so forth. Such a fund might well include transportation where it is necessary and take small children in such communities to school during the severe winter months. Increasing the library facilities for aliens, providing American history in the languages of immigrants—these are but illustrations of what must constitute a wise educational policy. As nation and States we can scarcely be said to have any educational policy whatever at the present time with reference to adult immigrants, and yet for the year ending June 30th, 1910, there were admitted 868,310 persons between the ages of fourteen and forty-four, or eighty-three per cent. of the total.

It is evident that in developing a domestic policy certain

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things are within Federal control and others within State jurisdiction. Questions of jurisdiction are easily settled by the judicious division of the field and co-ordination of Federal and State functions. The Federal Division of Information and State Free Employment Bureaus and Federal and State Bureaus of Immigration can advance side by side and by means of each other if the principle is clear and the purpose sound. Such protection as the Federal Government may provide through treaties and national legislation will not interfere with the adoption by States of a uniform body of laws respecting banks, notaries public, emigrant boarding-houses, steamship ticket agents, labor camps, employment, and so forth, which will give the immigrant a much-needed protection. Studies and encouragement of education among alien adults on the part of the Federal Government will not interfere with municipal and State educational work among aliens. The great need is that the Government representatives—Federal and State—should get together and enumerate clearly the principles of a domestic policy and then set about patiently and courageously to work it out, each State according to its needs, and as fast as it can enlighten its communities and bring the vision to Americans who now think assimilation to be entirely a process affecting the alien and that the labor asset is the only one which the alien brings.

Frances A. Kellor.

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THE WORKER IN POETRY*

BY PERCY MacKAYE

"Who sweeps a room—as by God's laws—
Makes that and the action fine."

THE room may be a low-raftered kitchen, the worker—broom in hand—may bestir himself among familiar pots and kettles, rag carpets and plain stools; or he may mount his implement and be whisked away "ninety times as high as the moon" to a room impanelled with worlds, where the fire-flaked ceiling has no zenith and the star-tiled floor no nadir. It is all one to the worker "as by God's laws." One concern is his: If his action is to be fine, it must accord with the laws of the master of the house wherein he serves.

Thus the work in hand chiefly concerns the worker whether in poetry or in so-called more practical things. The nature of the work—its possibilities in his hands, its infinite possibilities in the hands of his successors, this—the potential in his work—interests him far more than the actual. But about this he says little, he works much. How he sweeps the room, how he writes the poem, he is probably glad to leave those expert guides to good housekeeping, the critics, to point out or dispute. Or, questioned by the idly curious as to the way he does his work, he may find relief in that unexpurgatable reply which Saint-Gaudens once made to the persistent inquiries of an æsthete and answer, "Any old damned way."

Why he does his work he knows, for he knows he is the willing servant of the master—or, in housekeeping phrase, the mistress—of his labors, the Muse.

How and why, then—important though these may be in themselves—are questions of his work which do not greatly concern the worker in poetry to talk about.

* Read at the New Theatre, New York, before the National Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters.

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One question, however, does concern him to ask and all others whom his work affects to answer:

Has he the practical opportunity to work "as by God's laws"?

We all know too well to-day that for sweepers of rooms, for makers of bread, for diggers of coal and iron, for the countless workers of the world, man's laws—by which they must work—do not tend to jibe with "God's laws." To the laws of beauty and joy there are impediments—in practical conditions. The worker in poetry shares in these conditions. To the poet's ideal work—as to all ideal work—there are practical restrictions. But as it is, perhaps, emphatically the function of the poet to devote his energies to ideal work, or none, the practical restrictions of his work become the more important.

As a worker in that field, I shall try, therefore, to point out a few of those restrictions as they appear to me and to suggest how possibly some may be surmounted.

But first: What *is* a worker in poetry?

I have spoken of workers in coal and bread and iron; these are specific things. Poetry is a vaguer term.

Roughly then to define it, I mean by poetry—the perennial stuff of the racial imagination. Poets are moulders of that stuff in useful forms. And by useful forms I mean forms serviceable to the happiness of the race.

Under such a definition, the great discoverers of the world—in science, art, engineering, medicine, religion, agriculture, what you will—may be called great poets; and such they are, for they are constructive imaginers, or inventors, who serve the race by their work. But a special class of these has usually claimed the name of poet; to wit, writers in verse. Obviously that special class is my subject, but—not to limit this class by any misleading distinction between verse and prose—I shall mean by a poet: an inventor of useful images in the emotional cadences of speech. In brief, a singer of imagination. Among such, of course, singers in verse are dominant and their work is chiefly to be emphasized.

Now, if I were to escort the reader to the nearest Business Directory of our great metropolis, turn to the letter P, and scan the pages carefully—from Pasteboard-makers through Plumbers to Publishers—we should search in vain for the professional address of a poet. For this we should probably smilingly thank God, but we would do well

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to think *why* we thank Him. Our thanks and our smiles are, perhaps, our truest compliment to the poet's calling, but they are likewise our truest condemnation of human society as we are pleased to accept it. It is, of course, simply natural that a calling whose office is to mould the stuff of the racial imagination in the emotional cadences of speech should find no place in a society organized, not primarily for the State or the race, but for individuals. It is also far better for the poet to fill no recognized vocation than any recognized one which should debase his true calling to commercial ends. For this reason the poet becomes a worker chiefly by avocation, and therefore he is often popularly conceived as a species of human papilio, subsisting, presumably, on ambrosia culled from the flowers of his own fancy.

The fact, however, that the poet has no professional vocation is a real restriction to his work. It is a restriction because—unless he is supported by income or patronage—it compels him to make an avocation of his highest powers. The main current of his being is deflected and consumed in waste products. He can serve the Muse relatively in moments—not in hours—of labor. Yet the poet's work peculiarly requires concentration and continuity.

Other workers in the fine arts—painters, sculptors, musicians, architects—may make their art their recognized calling. They may combine their distinctive labor with their livelihood. To them society offers a vocation: not so to the poet. In his case, except in the rarest instances, his means of living are derived from other sources than his work in poetry. Where such sources are lacking, either his work ceases or is debased by purely commercial uses or the poet himself starves. Perhaps the most notable modern exception to this is the work of Mr. Alfred Noyes, whose poetry is said to be self-sustaining; yet even in his case, the significant announcement is made that a play by Mr. Noyes will soon be produced.

Let us remember, therefore, when the dearth of true poets is bemoaned, that society provides no vocation for the poet. But this restriction to his work leads to another. Having failed to provide him a livelihood for his work, society proceeds to judge his work by the results. The results are what might be expected from such failure to provide: a wholesale driving-out and killing-out of poets.

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First, the driving out. Thousands—I had almost said millions—of poets are born every year. I mean the little children of the world. Born "as by God's laws" with divine curiosity and eager imagination, they are maturely confronted with man's laws. Then the most eager imaginers among them—seeing no vocation in the song which springs to their lips—seek expression elsewhere; and so they become the poets of science and law and medicine and industry—the captains of the world.

Next, the killing out. The great mass, with no choice except between death and life, ply the vast loom of songless labor and unimaginative hope. Lastly, the few singers left are of two sorts: those with incomes and those without. Among the former are found most of the excellent names in English poetry: a fact which is hardly a compliment to our civilization. Among the latter are the few remaining ones who excel in spite of adversity, and the far greater number whom the life of the hack deteriorates or poverty reduces to join those

> "Derelicts of all conditions,
> Poets, rogues and sick physicians."

Around both classes swarm the parasites of true poetry: the dilettantes and the æsthetes. Judging, then, by the results of its own ineptitude, society comforts itself by repeating two complacent proverbs: "Well, well, after all, 'poets are born and not made'"; and, "You see, 'true genius always succeeds.'"

Another misconstruction of society is an obstacle to the poet's work: its passionate nature. The dilettante and the æsthete are easily tolerated, if not understood, by society, for their pseudo-passion does not disturb its conventions. But living passion for the beautiful is usually preferred—posthumously. Moreover, those long accustomed to work without joy or passion find it hard to conceive of the singer as a worker at all. For them "to loaf and invite one's soul" is an invitation to laziness, not to labor; "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" is the symbol of a numskull.

Nevertheless, the poet is, perhaps, the most laborious of toilers:

> "For to articulate sweet sounds together
> Is to work harder than all these, and yet
> Be thought an idler by the noisy set
> The martyrs call the world."

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Thus modern society has organized often for temperance, but hardly for temperament. Yet recognition of the function of temperament is essential to recognition of the poet. Perhaps for this instance it is sufficient to mention the names of Walt Whitman and Edgar Allan Poe.

There are other restrictions.

By the nature of his work the poet seeks to stir the elemental in man—the racial imagination. This all artists seek, more and less, to do. But the singer must accomplish this by means of the uttered word. It is not sufficient—it is not even essential—that his poem be written. To fulfil its object it must be spoken or sung. It is as reasonable to expect an architect to be content with a specification of his building, or a painter with a photogravure of his painting, as a poet with the printed page of his poem. The cadences, the harmonies, the seizure by the imagination upon consonants and vowels, sounds which subtly evoke the human associations of centuries—these are addressed to the ears, not the eyes, of his audience. Originally his audience was not a person, but a people. Homer sang to all Hellas—not from the printed page, but from the mouths of minstrels. Thus the very craftsmanship of the poet is based upon two assumptions, which are seldom granted him to-day: the sung, or chanted, word: a plural audience.

It is not surprising, therefore, that his power with the people has waned. The inspiration of the ancient bards has never passed from the earth. It is perennial in the poet's heart. But it can never pass effectively into the hearts of the people through their eyes—from the pages of printed volumes or magazines. No: a partial renascence of those older conditions of poetry is needed for the work of the poet. Is such a renascence feasible? Is it probable?

Not to invoke the millennium or the golden age, I think the worker in poetry may find true encouragement in the promise of the present—and the present here in America. Foremost there exists for him one vocation whose object—like his own—is to evoke the racial imagination by the uttered word. There exists the drama. To the drama the noblest poets of the past have turned for livelihood and the fruition of their labor. At the Globe Theatre in London, Shakespeare earned both daily bread and immortality; Sophocles both—at the theatre in Athens. To-day in America the theatre—itself but half aware—is being stirred by mighty

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forces of rebirth, and the drama is awakening to fresh and splendid horizons. For the poet, then, in verse or prose, the craftsmanship of the dramatist already offers an actual vocation.

Besides this, a revived form of democratic drama outside the theatre is rapidly developing new opportunities for the singer. The pageant has come to stay. Participated in by the people, from town to town, the civic pageant is being welcomed as a constructive form of expression for our national and local holidays. For this — Memorial Day, the Fourth of July, Labor Day, Columbus Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, present magnificent opportunities for the noblest imaginings of poets and artists. In particular these festivals give promise of vocation to the poet as such in the revival and growth of the masque, the ballad and the choral song.

Unique in respect to these beginnings, last summer the MacDowell Pageant at Peterborough gave scope for the admirable lyrics of one of our best younger poets, Hermann Hagedorn. His songs, set to the music of MacDowell and sung with simple charm by those New Hampshire country people, made history for workers in poetry.

Another phase of poetic work excellent in possibility is the Occasional Poem, recording moments of public importance. Largely because of the equivocal vocation of poets, this form has fallen into semi-repute. It has even been urged by superficial persons that special commissions for works of poetry are beneath the dignity of true poets to accept. The same persons should, I think, urge true painters never to paint special portraits or decorations for particular places, and true sculptors never to accept commissions for particular statues.

However, to the worker in poetry, mindful of his art, a possible revival of the vocation of Pindar gives no shock to dignity and taste. He calls to mind, without æsthetic pain, the special commissions of the Greek occasional poet for songs of encomium, hymns, pæans, choral odes, dance songs, epinicia, dirges, drinking-songs; and he recalls also with gratitude the lofty Occasional Poem composed by our American poet, William Vaughn Moody, "In Time of Hesitation."

In presenting, then, some problems and promises of his work to the public the worker in poetry to-day summons to mind not merely to-day, but yesterday and to-morrow, for

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his work deals with the long continuity of the racial imagination.

Briefly, his ideal is the child ideal, and his work is based in that. Like a child, he demands opportunity to work "as by God's laws": that is, to play. Yet to play in no immature sense. For to the perfecting of play, the poet brings the ripest powers of his will and imagination, and in consecration to play he puts aside all merely unconstructive pleasures, happy

"To scorn delights and live laborious days."

Thus, even though for him to play may be to imagine intensely the bitterest sorrows of life and to burden his songs with "saddest thought," yet freedom and joy in his work are the axioms of its execution—even as with the play of childhood.

By that ideal of work, then, he rejects the arguments of the fatalist—that childhood is a lovely condition of the soul necessarily to be outgrown; of the sophist—that it is forever impractical in a practical world; of the commercialist—that its only use is to renew the foundations of sordid facts as they are. To all such he replies—with the Master of poets, "Unless ye be as a little child."

PERCY MACKAYE.

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THE LEAVES OF THE TREE*

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

III—FREDERIC MYERS

Frederic Myers was born in 1843. His father, who came of a stock of Yorkshire yeomen, was vicar of a church at Keswick. He belonged to the Broad Church school, and was a close friend of Stanley, Jowett and Frederick Robertson. Myers's mother was a daughter of John Marshall, of Leeds, a member of Parliament, a man of high character, great commercial ability and conspicuously public-spirited; one of her sisters married the first Lord Monteagle, and another Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity.

Myers was a sensitive and deeply affectionate child, thoughtful beyond his years and extraordinarily impressionable. The exquisite surroundings of his Cumberland home, the great, dark, sun-dappled mass of Skiddaw, the tree-embosomed lakes of Bassenthwaite and Derwentwater, the mysterious vista of green-shouldered craggy-topped peaks, lost in the empurpled distance to the south, left ineffaceable impressions on his childish mind.

But behind that passionate love of nature there lay from the very first a strange preoccupation with the secrets of life and death. The sight of a dead mole, crushed by a cart, gave him, he records, an intense emotion at the age of six. He was told by his mother, in answer to his eager questions, that the little creature had no soul, and would not live again; and the thought of the loss of conscious joy, of a death without resurrection, filled him with anguish, at an age when most children look upon animals as a sort of pretty mechanical toy, have few imaginative sympathies, and simply observe, without drawing any conclusions or comparisons.

At an early age, too, the sense of the music of words came to him, borne on the echoing lines of Virgil. It is com-

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forting to compare that joyful initiation into a lifelong mystery of delight with the bewildered entry into a dolorous and unintelligible apprenticeship that befalls so many boys. And it is characteristic, too, of the poetic temperament that feeds so poignantly upon retrospect, to think that that day in the sunlit parsonage study sowed the seed which flowered in the majestic essay on "Virgil" written in Myers's prime.

His father died in 1851, at the age of forty, and left his widow with the anxious care of two boys. Frederic Myers was deeply moved by his father's dying words and by the shock of his death; but it is strange to read the fact which he records, that about the same time his mother, shrinking from dwelling upon the doctrine of hell, suggested to the boy that men who lived bad lives on earth were possibly annihilated at death. "I remember," says Myers, "where I stood at the moment, and how my brain reeled under the shock." The prospect of so appalling a possibility as that any conscious soul should cease to be, sank deeply into his mind. It is difficult to analyze this feeling, but the incident carries within it the secret of Myers's life—the urgent claim to continuous and conscious personality. It is strange to reflect that the instinct is not a universal one. To many minds the cessation of personal consciousness is simply an inconceivable thought; but I have known men who have felt the precise opposite, and to whom the prospect of entire annihilation is not only not horrible, but positively attractive and tranquillizing.

Myers gives a touching extract from his mother's diary, which indicates the extraordinary sympathy and comfort which he, then a child of eight, seems to have given her in her bereavement. She said to him once that she could never be happy again, and the child replied, "You know God can do everything, and He might give us just once such a vision of Him as should make us happy all our lives after." Of course a sensitive and clever child can, and often does, in the presence of overwhelming grief, suggest words and thoughts of consolation of almost preternatural fineness and appositeness, purely by a precocity of intelligence— *ex ore infantium*—just as he can traffic with a coin whose battered heraldry he does not understand. But there does seem to be something more than that here—an untiring affection, a facing of great issues, a vitality of spirit which cannot be passed over. As a rule, the reminiscences of childhood are tedious

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things, and keep the secret of their golden glow only for the possessor; but in the case of Myers there seems to have been an almost feminine tenderness, a ripening of sympathy, a preoccupation with the needs and sorrows of others, very different from the placid and heedless self-absorption of ordinary boyhood. It was the same when he went to school. The letters that passed between himself and his schoolmaster testify to an unusual equality of friendship and an uncommon tenacity of affection.

He was for a time at Cheltenham, and went at seventeen to Trinity College, Cambridge. In the little glowing autobiographical fragment published after his death he traces the history of his mind in those early years. He speaks of his growing passion for the Greek and Latin poets, and his inward recital of them. He read the "Phædo" of Plato at sixteen, and experienced, he says, a sort of conversion to Hellenism. He found in Plato, Virgil and Marcus Aurelius the three great religious teachers of antiquity; and though at a later period a contrary influence swept across his life and carried him into a very different region of thought, these great minds remained the support of his faith and the foundation of his creed.

Sappho and Pindar brought in turn their several intoxications of delight. He recognized in later days that they had brought evil as well as good: they had served to detach him from low interests and to foster imaginative impulse; but that this had afforded no medicine for pride. It would seem from his veiled words that he had found in the Greek spirit a reflection of his own, and that he had yielded himself to every joyful and emotional impulse—*nec prohibui cor meum,* he might have said with the Preacher. He describes in words that touch the very limits of restraint his wanderings in Greece at the age of twenty-one, the passionate delight aroused by the sight of the heathery promontories of Lesbos and the sunny bay of Mitylene. But writing at the end of life he could see in retrospect that the mistake he had made was to fling himself so insatiably into the joy of the past—"an unnatural passion . . . men must set their hearts on what lies before."

He was elected to a Fellowship of Trinity in 1865, and a reaction passed over his mind. It was only natural, I think, that an emotional life which had been lived with so complete an abandonment, in so prodigal and reckless a fashion,

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should have its ebb and flow, and should be followed by a sense of satiety and weariness. But he now came under a strong and eager Christian influence. He met Mrs. Josephine Butler, who combined with an intense spiritual fervor the sympathy which cannot rest without a lavish sharing of its joy with others, and who possessed that ardent instinct for seeking the lost which made her influence a turning-point in many wayward lives. She led him to the faith, he wrote, " by an inner door; not to its encumbering forms and dogmas, but to its heart of fire."

The notable monuments of that period are the two poems of " St. John the Baptist " and " St. Paul." They were sent in, in the competition for the Seatonian Prize. The tradition runs that the quaint prelude which dealt with the conditions of the prize laid it down that the poem should be written on the nature and attributes of God, until in the opinion of the Master of Clare the subject be deemed to be exhausted. It has been often quoted as an instance of the futility of academical competitions that neither of these poems, of which " St Paul " at least has won a secure place in English literature, should have obtained the prize. It always seems to me more surprising that the less conspicuous of the two—" St John the Baptist "—should not have been successful. " St Paul," in form and metre and treatment, was a perfectly novel experiment; and its luxuriance, its almost cloying sweetness, its entire lack of economy or severity, might well be regarded with suspicion by academical minds. It is curious to note in passing that I once had a correspondence with Myers on the subject of the metre of the poem. The matter is too technical to discuss here, but it surprised me to find that he analyzed its metrical scheme in a way which showed that his own musical instinct had entirely overcome his deliberate prosody. The beat of the curiously infectious stanza had made havoc of his plans. I venture to say that no technical metrist would ever dream of assigning to the poem the scheme of rhythm which Myers maintained underlay it.

But the poem, with all its rush of feeling, its gorgeous wealth of word-music, remains. It may be shunned by a mature taste: but it has played a notable part in the emotional development of many men and women, and I will confess that for me at least—though I feel that the conception has little in common with the scholastic framework which

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cramped the literary genius of "St. Paul"—the poem has a haunting spell which defies all sense of critical taste, like the honeyed scent of some sun-warmed field of summer flowers. Not the least testimony to its beauty are the letters in which Ruskin acknowledged the gift of the poem, and its moving effect upon his own much-tortured spirit.

I must not here linger over the literary work of Myers, attractive and beautiful as much of it is, because it was not his main concern—indeed, it was little more than the happy talk of the pilgrim by the way, concerning itself for an instant with the misty foldings of the hills, the gleam of wayside flowers, the appeal of some passing face. He had a wonderful power over words, and in his poems, an extraordinary musical sense of rhyme and rhythm alike. There are lyrics of purest form and almost intoxicating sweetness; but he had not the supreme austerity of the artist: he could not hold his hand or subdue his material to his use; and thus there is a prodigal lavishness of ornament and image that gives a sense of luxury and sensuousness, and mars the perfection of much of his work. This is perhaps a *dulce vitium,* but it passes at times into rhetoric and out of control. Save for this he might have won supremacy as a poet; but his profusion has a touch of the luscious, the barbaric, about it, and lacks the final gift of simplicity won by discarding richness—the purity of beauty unadorned.

But a process of disillusionment set in. There followed a period of agnosticism and materialism, when Myers suffered severely, and bore his suffering with "a joyless doggedness," which obliterated not only his own personal hopes, but his care of his brethren. Part of his pain, he says, was the thought that his own organization, more sensitive, more clear-sighted than that of his fellows, was the very thing which, instead of ministering to his joy, augmented his capacity to suffer. It was on a starlight walk with Henry Sidgwick, in December, 1869, that the first glimpse of the quest to which he was to give so much of his life, and which was to bring him so much ultimate happiness, dawned on him. "I asked him," wrote Myers, "almost with trembling, whether he thought that when Tradition, Intuition, Metaphysics had failed to solve the riddle of the universe, there was still a chance that from any actual observable phenomena—ghosts, spirits, whatsoever there might be—some valid knowledge might be drawn as to a World Unseen. Al-

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ready, it seemed, he had thought that this was possible: steadily, though in no sanguine fashion, he indicated some last grounds of hope."

The significance of this step was great. The force of the suggestion lay in this pregnant fact, that, whereas men had begun in every other region to apply the method of science to all baffling material problems, and had been led, through a painful enough process of discarding and unlearning their prejudices and preferences, to amass materials for sure conclusions, it was now clear that the only way to approach psychical problems was through the prosaic process of beating the covert carefully to see if the quarry lay hid in the brake. It was seen to be useless to begin by assumptions drawn from an immense mass of vague and floating tradition. The only possibility was to study the problems at first hand, to be discouraged by no triviality of detail, no silliness of immature imagination, from applying to the abnormal and even sordid phenomena of spiritualism the same searching and rigid investigation.

Myers put literature and art aside, and gave himself to the new quest with an enthusiastic abandonment. I believe that his capacity for investigation was to a certain extent hampered by his sanguine hopefulness. In dealing, for instance, with the performances of mediums, his intense desire to find evidence made him believe more guilelessly than he need have done in their good faith. "Our efforts," he wrote, "of the first few years were tiresome and distasteful enough; yet what were they in comparison to the hardship which a naturalist will undergo to trace the breeding-ground of a song-bird or to establish the relationship of a worm of the sea?" He said in most deliberate words that his own history had been that of a soul struggling into the conviction of its own existence, and that he had postponed all else to the one question whether life and love survive the tomb. To give and to receive joy, companionship with nobler spirits—these seemed to him the real aims of life; and while doubt remained as to the permanence of the human soul, even these aims appeared to be futile and fruitless. But when the conviction of immortality dawned upon him, as it did, he said that it gave him a creed which encouraged him to live at his best, and inspired the very strongest hopes that can incite to exertion.

In 1880 Myers was married to Miss Eveleen Tennant, and

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found a joy in the new relationship which he had never before experienced. "Indeed," he wrote to his mother, "my own happiness has grown and deepened till one doubts whether it can be good for one to drink such deep and continuous draughts of it." He plunged into his great book on Human Personality, and found fresh happiness in the intensity of his convictions. "My researches," he wrote, "have, at any rate, made me very happy, and I want to make as many other people follow the same line of happiness as I can; though we are all booked for such a good thing in the next world that it matters comparatively little how we fare in this."

There is but little that is eventful to record of these later years; but in the presence of this ecstasy of peace, this habitual exaltation of spirit, one finds oneself asking uneasily how it stood the test of some of the darker experiences of life. I will but cite two instances. When his son, who was then in my boarding-house at Eton, was seized by a dangerous illness which had once nearly proved fatal to Myers himself, and was for some days in a very critical condition, I was amazed by his exhibiting a combination of feelings which I had never seen before. He was deeply and distressingly anxious, but he seemed to think very little of himself or his anxieties, and showed the tenderest consideration for, and confidence in, every one else. And at the same time there seemed to be in the background an untroubled serenity about the issues of life and death which made me at least feel that his sense of the immortality of the spirit was not a matter of traditional hope, but of an absolutely serene assurance.

And when he himself came to die, I have been told that he faced the last passage, when he knew that there was no hope of life, not with courageous endurance and lofty unselfishness, but with an irrepressible and exultant joy, waiting to march in triumph through the gate into a world where all the best of life awaited him, freed from all the limitations and encumbrances of human existence. How many men there are who would rigidly condemn the creed of Myers as vague and unsatisfying! Yet such men have died in fear and uncertainty, while Myers went to his rest as though attended by a heavenly music, as catching the melodious notes of the trumpets that, as in the old allegory, were sounding for him on the other side.

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My first sight of Myers was when I was an Eton boy; he was announced to give a lecture on "Nelson," and I drifted into the old School Library, one winter evening, not expecting anything particular to happen, except to meet a few friends and perhaps whisper a little under cover of the address. A quiet-looking man, rather markedly upright, was introduced by the Head-master, walked straight to the desk, bowed courteously in recognition of the applause, opened a manuscript, and began to read his lecture in a low clear voice, which had something thrilling about it—a suppression of some fiery and uplifted quality which made the whole room curiously attentive, though the proem was simple enough. There was no point at which the transition came, but we were soon aware that we were under the spell of a solemn and noble eloquence, which at first attracted and then fascinated the boys, and then held us all absolutely spellbound. The voice rose into a sort of rhythmic chant, and the prælection gradually merged itself into a great rhapsody of heroic emotion. The quotations, which came frequently, sounded like lyrical hymns, and the whole worked up to a splendid climax and ceased at the very height and summit of the strain. Yet the lecturer exhibited no sign of physical emotion, used no gesture, and the unimpassive face with the veiled eye added infinitely to the solemnity of the discourse, which seemed hieratic and liturgical rather than oratorical. It left us all in a glow, and the proceedings closed with more irrepressible and prolonged applause than I have ever heard at an Eton lecture. We had many and notable lectures at Eton. Mr. Ruskin, for instance, addressed the boys on three occasions during my time there. But with all Ruskin's prestige, his mysterious impressiveness, the winning charm of his piercing glance and pathetic smile, he never produced the effect which Myers produced; and I have often agreed with contemporaries that the "Nelson" lecture was by far the most moving discourse I ever listened to as an Eton boy.

This is curiously confirmed by a story lately told me by Archdeacon Cunningham, who, when a Lecturer at Trinity, presided over the fortunes of a small undergraduate Essay Society which met in his rooms. He invited Myers to address the society one evening on the subject of Psychical Research. Myers came, took his stand on the hearth-rug, and

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poured out for an hour, without a single note, an oration of the most moving eloquence and finished verbal precision, never hesitating for a word, and never failing to wind up the most elaborate and involved sentences.

I have often wondered that Myers did not attain to more fame as a lecturer. He would have been, I believe, a preacher of almost unsurpassed eloquence if he had been in Orders. I do not think he would ever have been a political speaker, because his logic was rather at the mercy of his feeling. But for impassioned public discourse, of a set kind, he had talents, I am sure, of the very highest order. I do not know how much preparation such discourses entailed — a good deal, I should imagine, because the form and the language were both so elaborate. I do not even know whether he enjoyed the delivery. His demeanor was so statuesque that it was impossible to augur what he felt; the only thing that betrayed emotion was an occasional flash of the downcast eye, which gave a sense of intense repression. But the voice, high-pitched, clear and with a peculiar thrill of emotion, was perfectly adapted to the process. It never drooped or flagged; it never became either strident or uncontrolled. It might even have been monotonous but for the passion of feeling which animated it from end to end. I am not sure that this emotional tide of eloquence did not produce an almost deleterious effect upon his prose writings. I have always thought that his study of Wordsworth in the "English Men of Letters" is a very fine piece of criticism from the point of view of a panegyric; but it is a panegyric, and though perhaps it is the highest function of criticism to discern and express the distinctive quality of a writer's work and influence, the book preaches the Wordsworthian faith rather than sets it in a just and balanced light. I heartily wish we had more of this kind of criticism, but it is prophetical rather than analytical. I do not think that Wordsworth has ever been treated in so devotional a spirit, and Myers interprets his august message and his consecrated life in a very true and noble way; indeed, as applied to Wordsworth, such an attitude leaves little to be desired, because Wordsworth's position is rather that of a priest of mysteries than a literary influence; but it would be impossible to apply the same method to any writer but a poet, and a poet with a conscious and deliberate message. And thus the essay on "Virgil" in the Classical Essays is for the

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same reason admirable; but here again Myers sings rather than discusses his subject, and, like the poet himself, teaches the groves to resound with the beloved name.

But I think that in his last great work, on Human Personality, the fault of the method is more apparent. I do not know any book of so breathless and sustained an emotion, which makes itself felt even in the more deliberately scientific passages. But here, in spite of the caution, the gravity, the studied impartiality of the treatment, there emerges a sense of passionate conviction and almost frenzied hope, which detracts from the judicial effect, and leaves a reader overborne rather than convinced. It is artistic, in the sense that the writer adopts an attitude and a method, and never lapses from it; but the natural instinct of the man penetrates the book, and makes it an impassioned discourse rather than a scientific treatise.

I first came to know Myers personally in the summer of 1883, when I was an undergraduate at Cambridge. I recognized him at once as the heroic lecturer of my Eton days. He was remarkable for an extraordinary reposeful dignity of manner and an almost demure courtesy. He had built himself a fine house on the outskirts of Cambridge, which he called "Leckhampton." The ground had been very skilfully laid out. The approach was by a private road, so that there was a sense of great seclusion about the place; and the long strip of ground belonging to it, at one end of which the house stood, had been planted so as to give the sense of a spacious pleasaunce. Against the background of this opulent and stately little mansion, richly and delicately appointed, Myers, with his beautiful and accomplished wife, stood out in admirable relief; and I remember receiving a radiant impression, which has never left me, of a nobly endowed nature, to which all the refined resources of the world gracefully and unostentatiously ministered. The people one met there were not of the familiar academical kind, but men and women who brought a breath of the larger world with them, and with a halo of interest and fame about them. There was something of a refined princeliness about it all; and I remember, too, thinking that it was not characteristically modern at all, but gave the feeling of a Renaissance picture. Myers did not seem to me so much the product of a time as of all times, belonging not to a date, but to a type—a type that at all epochs takes by a natural good fortune

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all that is best and highest in the world, and uses it not with a luxurious ostentation, but with a refined and critical taste. The motto over the door—since, I think, obliterated—said:

> "Aude, hospes, contemnere opes et te quoque dignum
> Finge Deo."

That motto seemed to be the perfectly right and just summary of so lavish and fragrant a life. It was a life which did not shrink from using comfort and beauty, art and leisure. But it did not rest upon these things: it availed itself of them just so far as they ministered to the well-being of the spirit, but all the time there were secret windows opening upon far wider horizons.

Myers appeared to me something utterly different from a wealthy and cultivated inspector of schools. I thought of him rather as something medieval and lordly—a Venetian merchant prince, perhaps, with an outlook upon art and letters, and with none of the limitations in life, nothing of the timidity of dealing with its fulness, that my own more puritanical bringing-up had imposed on me. I felt a sense of narrowness and circumscription about the artificial life I had been ignorantly leading—a sense of beautiful avenues and vistas leading into realms unknown. I fell back, of course, in an unadventurous spirit into the easy familiar ways, but it was a glimpse of something more liberal and exquisite than anything I had before experienced.

In spite of the dignity in which Myers seemed to be involved, there was nothing in the least formidable about him. His courtesy and sympathy were great, and he welcomed any timid and fitful reaching-out after fuller interests with a charming readiness to hear and to answer. But his serenity and self-possession gave me in those days a sense of awkwardness and clumsiness. I only saw him occasionally, so that it was in no sense an influence—only a rare prospect of something delicate, finished and beautifully ordered. He was a busy man, and apart from his official work he lived a life of reflection and aspiration. And then, too, he was always a seeker rather than a teacher. His writing was rather the taking shape of his own impassioned dreams than an attempt to share or lead or inspire.

I knew him better still at a later date when his son came to be a boarder in my Eton house. As a parent he was not so much anxious as careful, desiring the best influences for his

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boy, but showing a fine confidence and trustfulness in one's own methods and intentions. I have a good many letters from him of that date, in his firm, rather official hand. But he seemed to hold himself aloof, and to be preoccupied in larger designs. I knew nothing then of his inner hopes and quests; but though his whole life was nurtured on emotions and ecstasies, there was never anything in the least emotional or effusive about his talk. He was essentially reserved; and there is one thing that always struck me very forcibly about him, and that was the extreme serenity and tranquillity of his face and bearing. The perfect smoothness of his brow and cheek, the absence of all lines or dints of stress or experience, his leisurely carriage, gave a feeling of self-contained prosperity and stability. It still remains to me a thing to be wondered at that so little of the eagerness or rapture of life should have been visible, and no touch of dissatisfaction or unrest. He looked like one whose progress had been deliberate and outlook untroubled. There was no sense of struggle or urgent restraint, and yet there had been both in his life; and still less was there any hint that he had known what it was to despair. Yet of all the poignant utterances of the darkest moods of man—that darkness of the spirit when even the very impulse to rage against the imprisoning walls and the galling fetters dies away into apathy—I feel that the two sonnets "Would God It Were Evening" and "Would God It Were Morning" are the most vivid and spectral I know.

The truth is that Myers had attained, more than most men, not so much to a serenity of joy as a serenity of hope, and hardly troubled himself more about the sordid incidents of life than the traveller in sight of the lighted windows of his home troubles himself about the mire on his foot or the sleet upon his face.

Of course a busy professional life, so intently contemplative in its leisure spaces, and with so much literary work interspersed, must either deliberately forfeit some element of fulness, or must stand in little need of human solace. What Myers sacrificed was that kind of easy relationship with the world that gives to normal human beings a variety of natural pleasure. Courteous and amiable as he was in ordinary intercourse, it was yet true that he was intensely reserved. He had no desire to multiply friendships, no need to exchange the current coin of opinions and interests. His

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home circle and a small group of intimate friends sufficed him. Though he was a delightful host, and had many social gifts, he was very rarely to be seen at Cambridge gatherings. It was characteristic of him that, when I once sent him a book of my own, he acknowledged it at once with great warmth, but said that, though he had read it, he would express no opinion upon it. He added that he had once lost a friendship through expressing a perfectly candid opinion of a book, and that he had made a rule never to express an opinion again. It was natural enough, I felt, for a sensitive man like Myers to make such a rule: what was unnatural was that he should keep to it; and he did not perceive that, though a direct criticism might in a single instance have caused offence, yet that to maintain and allege such a principle of action was to draw a far chillier veil between him and his friends, because it was an abnegation of natural relations. The truth was that he was really a dreamer, passing on his way intent on his own visions, and with a power of maintaining his emotions at a high temperature, without conscious effort and without contact with other minds. But this diminished his power of affecting the world. His very repression of ambitions, social and literary, was a proof of the same thing. Most people are ambitious, not so much because they covet the prize in itself, as because it is natural to desire what others desire. But in this Myers was wonderfully self-sufficing, and absolutely independent of opinion. He did not hanker after applause, or he had overcome the hankering; and he craved for evidences of personal immortality, not because he primarily longed to satisfy the aspirations of others, but because he could not rest until he had put his own life on a secure basis. He had all the fire of a poet; but he had, too, the temper of a stoic, and found a medicine for his sensitive and restless disposition in cultivating, as far as he could, an undisturbed tranquillity. This is not to be dismissed as a selfish attitude. A man may do more for humanity by abjuring the easy give-and-take of life and absorbing himself in an investigation the results of which may be fruitful in happiness for others. If Myers had been able to establish the conclusions which he was in search of, he would have been a benefactor to humanity. He did establish his belief to his own satisfaction, but through a complexity of investigation and emotion which was not simple enough to carry a general conviction.

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But, after all, a man must choose his own method and follow his own ideals. What is inspiriting about the life of Myers is that no one can doubt the solemnity and nobility of his quest, or fail to admire the patient ardor with which it was pursued. But the two characteristics which seem to me to distinguish the inner life of Myers, so far as I apprehend it, from most other lives lived on similar lines, are these. In the first place, the strongly sensuous temperament, such as his was, is generally one that exhausts sensation and vitality in the frank pursuit of satisfaction, and ends either in a morose disillusionment or a dreary scepticism, as the fire and savor of life are extinguished, and there seems nothing to take their place; or else it is succeeded by a business-like materialism that is temperate by way of precaution, in order to husband and economize its resources of pleasure. But in Myers this was not the case: rather, as life went on, the current ran more clear and swift than ever. I know no man who seems to have lived more consistently in a sort of rapture of thought, without wearied or discontented interludes, but in an impassioned ecstasy of sweetness. In this he was a mystic, and his joyful serenity of mind is just what one finds in the lives of mystics. But, as a rule, the mystic is born and not fashioned, and begins at the very outset of life to taste and enjoy the high pleasures of austerity. Very rarely does a man attain to the inner joys of contemplation who has begun by feeling the fascinations of the outer and material claims of beauty and delight.

But the mysticism of Myers differs from other mysticism in the quality of its energy. The mystic, as a rule, gains his strength by recognizing and augmenting the consciousness of some tremendous personal force above and about him—a force with which he can link himself and travel heavenwards, carried rather than self-impelled, as the fly that sits on the wayfarer's shoulder as he mounts the hill. But with Myers it was rather the sense of his own personality, his private hopes of immortality, the ideal of what he himself might become, that urged him on. It was a self-centred life, though not an egotistical one. The egotist is interested in what he is, in the smallest incidents of his actual life; but Myers disregarded all this proudly and serenely, and was interested rather in what he might some day be. Neither did he lose sight of humanity; but he thought of others rather as heirs of the same hopes which he himself cherished

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than as spirits whom he could affect and guide. Just as Newman, in that strange and courageous emptying-out of his inmost spirit given in the "Apologia," confessed that his ultimate thought was "Shall I be safe if I die to-night?" so Myers recognized that his first concern was his own pilgrimage, and could not merge his own personality in the hopes and fears of other pilgrims. This attitude of mind may easily become ignoble; but it was saved from all that in the case of Myers by the supremely spiritual character of his visions, and by his real scorn of all the base and sordid elements of life.

The significance of such a life needs but little emphasis. I can only say that I have known no man who so searched the sources of human joy, and lived with such continuous exaltation in spiritual aspiration. I care little for the fact that he wandered far and wide. The fact remains that the only unhappy periods of his life were those when he rested too securely on material and physical things, and when he sank despairingly into a period of stagnant negation. Of course it may be trenchantly urged that such a conviction as that to which he came must be subjective; and I must reluctantly confess that the particular evidence on which he based his beliefs does not carry the same conviction to myself. I believe that what came to Myers was an intuition of the truth, and that the logical apparatus of his belief was rather the consequence than the cause of his conviction. But, after all, it is the intuition that matters rather than the argument.

His mortal body sleeps in English soil; but in the cemetery at Rome, close by Shelley's grave, is the tablet which records his death, and there is engraved the verse of Homer which he loved, and which so fitly sums up the scope and goal of his life:

'Αρνύμενος ἥν τε ψυχὴν καὶ νόστον ἑταίρων.

So runs the stately verse—"striving to save his own soul, and desiring his comrades' home-coming." It was home, after all, that he longed for—for himself and for all those whom he loved; not the pleasant bypaths of life, nor the sunny slopes of the sleeping hills, but the very home and goal of all;—

> "The spiritual city with all her spires
> And gateways, in a glory like one pearl,
> No larger, though the goal of all the saints."

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

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UNDERLYING CAUSES OF THE MEXICAN INSURRECTION

BY JAMES CREELMAN

ALTHOUGH the immediate provocation of armed uprisings against the Government of Mexico is apparently to be found in the re-election of an unpopular Vice-President, Don Ramon Corral, who is therefore to be the constitutional successor of General Porfirio Diaz, the venerable President of the United Mexican States, the actual cause of political restlessness in the Mexican masses is deep below the surface of things and is not to be met by a mere change of persons in the Government.

The real difficulty, and one which even the sagacious and heroic master of Chapultepec Castle has not dared to solve, lies in a national Constitution conferring the universal right to vote upon the people, a majority of whom are racially unfitted for self-government or democratic institutions.

No one who has studied the subject enough to give his word any authority will pretend that the more or less autocratic rule of President Diaz has not been an open and continued violation of the terms of the Mexican Constitution. Mexico is governed by a minority of her citizens. Even President Diaz does not make any hypocritical denial of that. The consent of the majority thus far to this state of things can only be inferred by a prolonged peace where all before was war, confusion, bankruptcy, lawlessness and degradation.

The bitterest foe of the Mexican Government must confess that Porfirio Diaz has led his people out of confusion, almost uninterrupted strife, poverty, brigandage and misery; that he has made one nation of the Mexicans, enforcing peace, protecting life and property, establishing public and private credit; giving the republic a comparatively honored place among the nations of the world; promoting vast and

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useful public works, and enriching the country greatly through swiftly increasing industry and commerce.

But while Mexico has grown rapidly and steadily in material wealth, and her people have been drawn into habits of industry and peace, she has stood still politically; the Government has not ventured to fulfil the guarantees of the Constitution regarding popular suffrage, nor has any statesman been bold enough to risk a revolution by undertaking to change the Constitution so that it may fit the capacities and conditions of the people.

If the Government of Mexico is an open lie, so is the Mexican Constitution. We have in the United States a somewhat similar case in the suppression of negro majorities by white minorities, notwithstanding the guarantees of our Constitution. The American people look on complacently while their negro fellow citizens are deprived of their constitutional right to vote in order that the supremacy of the white race may be insured in Southern States. Even the descendants of the New England abolitionists have come virtually to acquiesce in the situation, recognizing the fact that white men will not consent to live under negro government. Toleration of this practice has become in this sense a national policy. The disfranchisement of negro citizens, by whatever technical local legislation, makes a lie of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States. Government by a white minority, however justifiable as a matter of expediency, is nevertheless a direct denial of the guarantees of the Constitution; and if there were a negro majority in the whole nation it cannot be doubted that the white minority would dominate in spite of the Constitution. Nor would it be possible to repeal the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution; the party that would propose such a thing would be trampled under foot by the very majority that looks on calmly while these amendments are boldly and continuously violated by many States.

It would be a gross exaggeration, and wholly misleading, to compare the situation of the negroes in our Southern States with that of the so-called Indians or part Indians who make up the mass of the Mexican people—that is, to offer the two cases as exact parallels; yet they may serve to illustrate difficulties of government not easy to remedy or even to explain.

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The white man in Mexico does not dislike the Indian or look upon him as a social inferior because of his race. Nor does the Indian hate or distrust the white man. It would not be a common thing to find a white man in the republic who would refuse to allow his daughter to marry an Indian, or at least a half-breed, simply on account of his blood. In the true sense there is no race question in Mexico; certainly no social race question. The relations which exist between the governing white population and the gentle, lovable, lazy and politically incompetent Indians are marked by something approaching affection; and this regardless of political divisions or disturbances.

Nothing more surprises visiting foreigners in Mexico than the total absence of race prejudice among the people. The shutting out of the Indians and their hybrids from control of the Mexican Government is due to their political shallowness and indifference, and their inability to grasp the meaning of democratic institutions or to assume the individual responsibilities which must go with self-government determined by popular majorities.

The undisguised theory of the dominant statesmanship of Mexico is that to carry out the letter of the Constitution by enforcing the right of unrestricted manhood suffrage and thus turn over the control of the republic to the ignorant, slothful and unprogressive masses, who constitute the undoubted majority, would be to paralyze material progress, drive foreign capital out of the country and throw the nation back again into its old restless, revolutionary habits, with national bankruptcy, internecine strife and general lawlessness as the inevitable result.

Undoubtedly the rule of President Diaz has been hard and inflexible from a political point of view. He has governed his country by very much the same stern methods which he employed more than a generation ago when he first came into power and undertook to compel peace in a country wholly given up to politics and war. His mind has been bent upon government rather than upon imaginative or legal theories of government. His idea has been that what Mexico needed most was peace, a peace enforced by militarism if necessary, but an actual peace, so that in the long course of time there would be security for life and property, foreign capital would flow into the country, industry, agriculture and commerce would flourish; and that the preoccupation of

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the people in peaceful and gainful pursuits, together with the conservative and progressive force of active invested capital, would neutralize the natural tendency of the Mexican masses towards revolutionary excitements.

The result is that, although there are now more than 15,000 miles of railways in the republic, representing an investment of more than $1,300,000,000 in silver; 20,000 miles of telegraph and telephone lines; mining properties covering a billion acres and producing more than $160,000,000 (Mexican currency) a year; a system of always solvent national banks, which in 1907 had assets amounting to more than $764,000,000; an impressive development of industry — cotton-mills, tobacco-factories, sugar-refineries, jute, silk and woollen mills, smelters, iron-mills, paper-mills, meat-packing establishments and all manner of manufacturing enterprises—and although since Diaz first took power in the midst of national poverty and chaos, with Mexican bonds selling in the markets of the world at ten cents on the dollar, the Government has not only restored its credit, but actually accumulated a surplus of $136,000,000 (silver), of which $61,000,000 was used in the construction of great public improvements and the rest is kept as a cash balance—although the material wealth of the nation has advanced by leaps and bounds and Mexico's national credit is so high that she can borrow money at four and a half per cent., yet no attempt has been made to give to the Mexican people the right of majority rule, which is the central idea of their Constitution.

It is an easy thing for a Mexican agitator to put himself at the head of a rush of border ruffians or to direct the raids and ambuscades of irresponsible mountain guerillas, cutting telegraph wires, tearing up railway tracks, burning bridges, attacking isolated towns and villages. He can always point to the violated Constitution, to the unchanging policy of a government headed by a political autocrat—even though the autocrat be held to his office by the compulsion of circumstances—and he can find a rich and resounding field for appeal in the political disfranchisement of the great majority, who, however dense, inert and incapable of exercising the rights or fulfilling the duties of democracy, nevertheless were brave enough to win their independence from Spain, to repel the French invasion and to re-establish their republic over the grave of Maximilian.

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But sensible men, however they may hate feudalism or arbitrary government, will consider the actual facts of the situation in Mexico before they undertake to judge her Government or condemn the great statesman and patriot who has so long directed her history and guarded her peace.

It is a common error to compare Mexico with the United States simply because the two countries lie side by side and have Constitutions identical in essentials. The sober truth is that it is a case for contrast rather than for comparison. What would be wholly indefensible in an Anglo-Saxon, highly developed and politically intelligent nation, may be justified, or, if not justified, at least explained on reasonable patriotic grounds in a country like Mexico.

President Diaz may have made a mistake in continuing his rule so long without attempting to try out the civic abilities of his people by free elections or by attempting to persuade the nation to change the Constitution and restrict the right of voting to those able to read and write and having some slight property qualifications. But no one familiar with his career can honestly challenge the patriotic integrity of his motives or ignore his lifelong struggle to raise his country from anarchy and poverty to peace and prosperity.

To understand the difficulty of the political troubles of Mexico it is necessary to realize that the prehistoric Mexicans, whose descendants constitute the vast majority of the nation to-day, were tribes of Oriental, probably Asiatic, origin. The evidence on this point seems almost overwhelming. The majestic ruins of palaces, temples and forts built by the ancient Mexicans many centuries before Columbus first crossed the Atlantic Ocean bear too many, and too close, resemblances to Old World architecture to be merely coincidences. The prehistoric potteries and sculptures, the carved jade ornaments—dug up in a land where no jade is found in a state of nature—the heads, faces and bodies of the people, their mental traits and habits, and what is known of their ancient customs and ceremonials, all point to the East as their remote original home. Archæological and ethnical investigation more and more confirms this idea. There are wide divergences of opinion regarding the manner in which the Oriental tribes of Asia, or Asiatic Europe, came to find their way to America; but there is substantial agreement among all serious authorities, including the savants of Mexico, that the people found in the country when Cortez

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and his Spanish *conquistadores* burst into it, with the name of Christ on their lips and the lust of gold and silver in their hearts, were Oriental in their character and probably Oriental in their origin.

Not a trace of democratic customs or instincts was found among the aboriginals of Mexico at the time of the Spanish conquest in 1519, only a century before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock. The tribes of Mexico, in spite of the ancient civilization witnessed by the noble ruins of their cities, sacrificed human victims on their altars. Their kings, priests, chiefs and warriors were cannibals, and in almost every district there were jails or cages in which multitudes of victims were carefully fattened for the sacrifice or the feast. It must be remembered that this was the state of the peoples who, only three hundred years afterwards, set up a republic with a Constitution closely modelled on the Constitution of the United States.

All through the three centuries of Spanish domination the conquered tribes and nations were robbed, abused, degraded and trampled down by their European oppressors. Not once did they give evidence of the democratic spirit. When they began the struggle for independence from the Spanish crown in the early years of the nineteenth century they had no thought of democratic institutions. Their idea was to create an independent monarchy.

But in 1824, after Santa Anna had driven Iturbide from the Mexican throne, the independent Mexican nation met in Congress to adopt a permanent form of government. The leaders in the struggle for independence were soldiers, not statesmen. They knew little of the history or science of government. They were seeking for some form of national organization as different as possible from the Spanish monarchy. To the north of them was the United States, a democratic republic which had freed itself from the English crown and had grown powerful enough to protect Mexican independence against the Holy Alliance only the year before through the announcement of the Monroe doctrine. The leaders who threw the strain of democratic government upon the unprepared Mexican nation were the rough heroes of a long-continued guerilla war. There was no Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin or Adams among them to point out the racial unfitness of an Orientally derived people for the free institutions won through a thousand years of Anglo-

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Saxon growth and struggle. When they declared Mexico to be a democratic republic and fashioned their Constitution after the Constitution of the United States they were mere imitators of a nation whose institutions were wholly alien to their followers.

The frightful consequences of that blunder run all through Mexican history up to the time of Porfirio Diaz, and even now the whole future of the nation is embarrassed by the existence of an organic law which cannot be fully applied without risk of a general and destructive reversion to armed revolution as a means of settling political questions. The Mexican Constitution has been largely amended—principally by the provisions aimed at the destruction of ecclesiastical influence in secular affairs—but its original guarantees of equal political rights remain undisturbed.

He has studied to little purpose the fearful half-century of revolutions, dictatorships, crime and ruin which followed the setting up of the Mexican republic who does not see that the very institutions which made the United States strong brought increasing weakness and confusion to Mexico. The theory of government was the same in both countries, but the majority of the people were different. The Mexican politician and his followers will not, like the Anglo-Saxon, whom he has tried to imitate through his Constitution, abide by the results of an election. He appeals from the ballot to the bullet. The Mexican Indians and part Indians have shown through all their history since Mexican independence was won that they are devoid of the sense of individual responsibility that must exist in a self-governing people. They are easily roused to fight and they have shown through hundreds of battles that they can shed their blood or die or suffer years of persecution or starvation for the sake of liberty. But there is a tremendous difference between the man who is merely willing to fight for his rights and the man who is always ready to discharge his obligations as a citizen. No people is capable of bearing the strain of government by popular majority to whom individual duty is not held equally sacred with individual privilege.

For almost two generations the great body of citizens of the Mexican republic have fought to preserve their Constitution. It was not so much that the Indians and hybrids were impelled in their struggles by deep convictions regarding the constitutional guarantees or that they were intent

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upon the right to vote. The Constitution was a word, a vague grand sentiment rather than a well-understood plan for a government of defined and balanced powers. Thousands died in the name of the constitutional cause and tens of thousands endured almost incredible privations throughout the country who would not in time of peace take the trouble to walk from their adobe huts to the polling-places to vote. So the Constitution came to be a holy party banner rather than a statement of principles of government; and that is in a general sense true of the attitude of the mass of the Mexican people to-day. Without democratic instincts, without the self-restraint and individual initiative that are the foundations of free popular government, without even an approximate idea of the hard, slow work and the unfailing respect for the rights of others that are imposed upon the people by absolute political democracy, they have come to look upon the Constitution as something *sacrosanct,* which none but an enemy or a traitor would think of changing to a more restricted and more feasible form.

The experience of the great and noble President Juarez, whose love for theories of free government outran his executive judgment and resulted in a delirious legislative orgy, complete bankruptcy and a shameless national refusal to continue paying interest on the foreign debts, followed by an armed European invasion, is sufficient to suggest what might become of Mexico again were her government committed to actual majority rule.

When President Diaz at the head of his army took command of Mexico in 1876, the country was overrun with fighting guerilla bands and factions; all the roads were held by freebooters; soldiers who had fought valiantly for the Constitution and against it had become brigands; commerce and industry were paralyzed; foreign capital had been frightened out of the country; native capital was hoarded; a great part of the population had to take to the road and pillage, for there was little employment to be had. Every one talked of his constitutional rights and no one talked of his constitutional duties. The national treasury was empty; Mexican bonds were a joke; while the army, the police and the civil service were largely unpaid. The local administration of government was everywhere corrupt and the courts of justice were to some extent a farce. Even the elected common council of the capital, which was installed in office just

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before Diaz entered the city, was of such a character that after its first meeting it was found that the silver candelabra in the municipal palace had disappeared, and Diaz thereupon sent soldiers to turn the councillors out of the building.

The stern, swift methods through which Diaz suppressed brigandage and restored order throughout his country were adopted by him in his capacity as a soldier. He continued them somewhat afterwards as President. The result has been peace, order and an amazing growth of material wealth. Foreign capital and foreign enterprise have fertilized the dead fields of Mexican enterprise. The humblest, blanketed peon lives at least as well as in the old days of imaginative democracy and ceaseless disorders. The influence of railways and telegraphs and the multiplication of factories have almost doubled the wages of workmen. The Valley of Mexico has been drained at a cost of $15,000,000 (silver). The Tehuantepec interoceanic railway has been completed and opened to the commerce of the world. Great and costly harbor works have been constructed and Mexico has been guarded against the perils of a railway trust by a government-controlled merger of nearly eight thousand miles of trunk lines—the work of the brilliant Minister of Finance, Señor Limantour.

Yet, notwithstanding the splendid material results of President Diaz's administration and the prolonged peace which has accompanied it, the government remains practically an autocracy. The free-voting democracy contemplated by the Constitution does not exist. The elections have come to be mere formal ratifications of the President's will. The twenty-seven States, which in the eyes of the Constitution are sovereign in their own affairs, have continued to be nothing more than subdivisions of the national Government and the governors virtually deputies of the President. The national Congress is a slightly disguised dependency of the executive power. The Supreme Court of Justice itself is greatly influenced by the President's known wishes in matters involving the safety or credit of the nation, especially in its relations to foreign governments.

In spite of his almost unlimited power and his thirty-four years in office, President Diaz is a comparatively poor man. He has fought through fifty battles for his country and he has worked for it in peace with a devotion that has won for him the respect of the statesmen of all countries. Again and

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again he has planned retirement from the Presidency and has yielded his desire for rest only in response to widespread protests and unmistakable signs that his abandonment of the control of Mexico would cause a ruinous shock to the national credit and be the signal for grave disorders, if not civil war.

The result of the long stretch of absolute government in the republic has been to breed bureaucracy and to promote development at the centre of the country while its extremities are neglected. The magnificent and costly public institutions and the orderly official discipline of the Valley of Mexico offer a startling contrast to the petty tyrannies and squalor of distant States.

As the Government does not depend upon the votes of the people for existence, it relies partly on the army and police, but largely, perhaps principally, upon the zealous support of the property-owning and business men, together with the growing middle class represented by more or less skilled workmen. President Diaz has had to choose between an ignorant, indolent and gentle-natured, but politically incompetent majority of his countrymen as a source of national authority and national policy, and the educated, proprietary and industrious minority whose interests and influence have been set against armed revolutions. It is only natural, under such circumstances, that he should be surrounded by great landowners, financiers, lawyers, men interested in the economic development of the country rather than in political reformation along popular and constitutional lines. These friends and advisers of President Diaz are known in politics as the "*cientificos.*" This name, which has come to be used as a term of reproach in Mexican politics, arises from the fact that the national policy which they advocate and support is based upon a scientific conception of government along the lines of material progress, as against government along sentimental or literally constitutional lines. It is charged by the enemies of the Government that the "*cientificos,*" of whom Vice-President Corral is the recognized leader, have grown rich through their relations to national authority, that they prey upon all who seek governmental privileges, and that there is no approach to the President in business matters save through them.

The recent insurrection in the state of Chihuahua was brought about largely through the efforts of Francisco I.

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Madero, the son of an enormously wealthy landowning family of the state of Sinaloa. Señor Madero is a man with a tendency toward socialistic ideas of government. He is a fluent orator. Until the recent outbreak he was not looked upon in Mexico as a man of much importance. Before the last presidential election he made a tour of agitation through Mexico. Week after week, month after month, he addressed meetings in mining towns and in factory centres, denouncing the Government as a tyranny, telling the people that they were abused and robbed of their political rights, and urging them to rise and fight with any weapons they could find. While Señor Madero was inciting Mexico to violence, his friends were at work in the United States, seeking to arouse indignation through sensational and largely untruthful articles in magazines and newspapers, representing Mexico as a barbarous country in which human slavery was openly practised. This work was mainly carried on by socialists, assisted by disappointed office-seekers, defeated concession-hunters, briefless lawyers and irresponsible scribblers in search for dramatic and emotional material.

At first the Mexican Government laughed at Señor Madero and ignored his fiery tirades, although sometimes his incendiary language brought him plainly within the terms of the law. When the time for the presidential election arrived last year the agitator declared himself a candidate for President. President Diaz and his friends smiled at the idea of such a man aspiring to any important office and practically no attempt was made to counteract his speeches. Emboldened by this, and encouraged by the prejudice and excitement provoked by his friends in the United States, and especially among the rough and adventurous elements along the Texas border, Señor Madero grew more desperate in his utterances and called upon his audiences to overthrow the Government by armed force should the national election go against them. At this he was arrested and thrown into prison. Later he was released on bail and fled to Texas, where he organized the Chihuahua insurrection.

The attempt of the insurgent elements to disturb the friendly relations of Mexico and the United States by mob insults to Americans and the American flag in the streets of the capital was a failure, because the responsible authorities of both countries instantly recognized the plot to inaugurate a Mexican revolution under the cover of an exciting in-

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ternational quarrel. The State of Chihuahua was then selected as the scene of war because of its remoteness from the centre of power, its almost inaccessible refuges for guerilla bands and its nearness to the American frontier, from which arms, ammunition and fighting adventurers could be drawn, and over which defeated raiders might fly for safety.

The extreme unpopularity of the governor of Chihuahua and the condition of local politics made it easy for Madero and his followers to foment trouble; and, once the peace was broken, the insurrection was aggravated by the swarming of American socialists, fanatic adventurers and frontier bullies to assist the Mexican rebels. Nor could there be a place more admirably fitted for a popular revolt than Chihuahua, whose immense private landed estates represent one of the most serious evils of the republic—proprietary feudalism. It takes an ordinary express-train about seven hours to pass through the domain of a single old man, General Terrazas, whose son was governor of the State when the conflict began, and whose son-in-law, the distinguished Don Enrique Creel, is Minister of Foreign Affairs.

An embarrassment of President Diaz's position is that his own proclamations and speeches when he turned his sword against President Juarez, and also when he headed the successful revolution against President Lerdo, are full of demands that the popular guarantees of the Constitution shall be respected and that the national executive power shall not be enlarged at the expense of State sovereignty. These writings and speeches are constantly quoted to prove that the President is doing the very things which he once denounced as crimes against the nation.

Is the responsible head of a Government forever bound by what he has said in earlier and more inexperienced times? Must the word of the revolutionary soldier control the acts of the oath-bound statesman confronted with hard facts that confound his former judgments? Nothing can be more certain than that free elections and actual majority rule, in the present condition of the Mexican masses, would mean ruin and political anarchy. It is a hard thing to say, but it is true. The nearest possible approach to popular self-government consistent with peace and material progress would be a system in which the right to vote was restricted by educational and property qualifications. Yet it is doubtful

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whether the ignorant Indians and part Indians would consent to such a change in the national organic law.

The main burden of the demand of the insurgents has been that the existing Constitution of Mexico shall be honestly and literally enforced and that, at all hazards, the Government shall be turned over to the majority of the people. The answer is—Mexican history.

JAMES CREELMAN.

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THE DESERT

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

A GREAT bare brain, a disillusioned mind,
I lie here, stretching, gray into the gray,
One endless level, whither none may say
But one,—the restless and unfellowed wind.
Follow him not; for thou shalt never find
Green hill nor field, nor spring beside the way;
Only the lizard, in the sun at play,
Some spectral thing, before thee or behind.

Whatever gleaming tease thee, trust it not,
Nor toward yon pleasant island set thy feet;
It is a phantom, yea, it is not there.
Turn back from me while yet it is thy lot
To drink of life, bitter it be or sweet;
Thou canst yet—what I can no more—despair.

Nathless, because still falls on me fair dream
Of some far-off, benignant happening;
Because the mindful cloud with brooding wing
Gathers of goodly life for pool and stream;
Because the morning keeps his golden gleam,
The lovely colors unto evening cling,
The smooth birds in the green leaves build and sing—
Since so much holds, this gray death may but seem.

On me may great and gracious changes wait,
To make me other than I am to-day;
Let me befriend thy sons, whoso thou art,
Come in the after-time, when friendlier Fate
Shall have sown blossoms up and down my way,
Restored the beating where broke off my heart.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE LADY. By EMILY JAMES PUTNAM. New York: Sturgis & Walton, 1910.

BY all odds the most brilliant volume of essays ever done by an American woman is this contribution of Mrs. George Haven Putnam to the study of the origin and development of the Lady. Able, scholarly, temperate, with a delightful vein of restrained humor throughout, the author turns back to the lady of Greek civilization and leads us up the line, examining the Roman Lady, the Lady Abbess, the Lady of the Castle, the Lady of the Renaissance, the Lady of the Salon, the Lady of the Blue Stockings and the Lady of the Slave States. A very wide knowledge of literature, history, art and architecture serves the learned author for the reconstruction of the home, the activities, the dress, appearance, joys and sufferings of these ladies. Although the author indulges in no free expressions of personal opinion and is as far as possible from any prejudiced point of view, who runs may read her veiled sense of the waste and danger to civilization of this human *objet d'art,* this creature whose power must always be her masked cunning. The irony to which the treasured subject is treated in these pages makes delightful and hilarious reading, and as for educing sheer guffaws of spontaneous laughter the professed humorists must draw back and give the palm to this accomplished lady. None of the little shifts, the masked clevernesses, the subtleties, the frailties, none even of the pathos of this class who subsist by their wits on an ancient tradition, are lost upon this able writer. She has seen it all. She knows all the types the convention can produce and she draws them—but with an insight and an adroitness! The age-old economic problem that confronts the lady is ably stated in the opening paragraph of the chapter on the Lady Abbess:

"The economic paradox that confronts women in general is especially uncompromising for the lady. In defiance of the axiom that he who works eats, the lady who works has less to eat than the lady who does not. There is no profession open to her that is nearly as lucrative as marriage, and the more lucrative the marriage the less work it involves. The economic prizes, therefore, are awarded in such a way as directly to discourage all productive activity on the part of the lady. If a brother and sister are equally qualified for, let us say, the practice of medicine, the brother has, besides the scientific motive, the economic motive. The ardent pursuit of his profession will, if successful, make him a rich man. His sister, on the other hand, will never earn absolutely as much money as he, and relatively her earnings will be negligible in comparison with her income should she marry a millionaire. But if she be known to have committed

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herself to the study of medicine her chance of marrying a millionaire is practically eliminated.

"Apart from the crude economic question, the thing that most women mean when they speak of 'happiness'—that is, love and children and the little republic of home—depends upon the favor of men, and the qualities that win this favor are not, in general, those that are most useful for other purposes. A girl should not be too intelligent or too good or too highly differentiated in any direction. Like a ready-made garment, she should be designed to fit the average man, should have 'just about as much religion as my William likes.' The age-long operation of this rule by which the least strongly individualized women are the most likely to have a chance to transmit their qualities has given it the air of a natural law. Though the lady has generally yielded it unquestioning obedience, she often dreams of a land like that of the Amazons, where she might be judged on her merits instead of her charms. Seeing that in the world a woman's social position, her daily food, her chance of children, depend on her exerting sufficient charm to induce some man to assume the responsibility and expense of maintaining her for life, and that the qualities on which this charm depends are something altogether unattainable by a given woman, it is not surprising that exceptional women are willing to eliminate from their lives the whole question of marriage and motherhood for the sake of a free development, irrespective of its bearing on the other sex."

This somewhat lengthy extract shows the author's sympathies with those Roman ladies who, led by Hortensia, forced their way to the tribunal of the triumvirate in the forum and arraigned them, Hortensia herself making an impassioned and eloquent address upon the injustice of taxation without representation. Those Roman ladies who did not appeal imaginatively to their lords and masters and who practically were so frequently a disturbing element, are interpreted with much gusto and enjoyment, while the gentle little *hausfrau* of such a man as Ischomachus, whose method of training a wife is given in full in Xenophon's "*Œconomicus*," receives scant sympathy.

We should say that the writer's sympathies went with those ladies who even in most ancient times showed symptoms of that hardy discontent which is the very *insignia* of the so-called "new woman"; the lady abbesses, who consorted with popes and emperors and took a part in the great game of European politics; the lady of the Renaissance, who made an art of living and encouraged humanism; and with the English bluestocking, who tried at least "to bridge the gulf between the lady and the rest of her sex, to humanize and release her from mental parasitism."

Only at one point do the sympathies of the writer flag. In the chapter on the "Lady of the Slave States" she shows that she does not really know her subject. Why, indeed, should her material be drawn from Miss Martineau's impressions and Fanny Kemble's? Why should Mrs. Putnam not have sat at the feet, for a short time, of such ladies as Mrs. Roger Pryor and Mrs. Burton-Harrison? They are not progressive, to be sure, but they had personal experience and direct knowledge of the time and they have clear eyes and keen brains. Some of the little thrusts at the Southern women argue mere ignorance of facts. On page 299, for example, Mrs. Putnam writes: "And there is an element of the mystical in some of her prescriptions: 'nine scoops of water in the hollow of the hand from the sycamore spring for three mornings before sunrise

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and a cup of strong coffee with lemon juice will break an ague; try it when you will." Mrs. Putnam has a great laugh over this, but had she ever lived in a malarial district she would know that some organizations cannot stand the necessary amount of quinine to break chills and fever, and for them the very best and most effective prescription, even to this day, countenanced by all the best doctors, is a glass of cold water with the juice of one lemon taken immediately upon waking and followed at once by a cup of strong, black, unsweetened coffee. The sycamore spring was simply the old lady's recommendation to drink fresh water instead of some that had been standing overnight, and the nine scoops of the hand,—making just a good glassful,—was doubtless a concession to the lazy darkies who forgot to carry a cup and had mislaid the gourd. Scant justice is done to the heroic patience, the self-abnegation and the executive ability of those fine ladies laboring under the awful curse of slavery. They were intelligent without being intellectual, and if they were by birth and traditions far too conservative, if they made use too freely of the cunning which is the only weapon of the woman in such a civilization, they were, at any rate, the natural offshoot of that Hebrew woman whom they took as their model and of whom it was authoritatively stated that "her price was far above rubies."

Had Mrs. Putnam chosen as material for her last chapter the idle lady of smarter New York in the present day, her book would have been better. This is a type she must have under constant observation, whereas the Southern lady she draws from the casual jottings of two foreign travellers and a cheap old-fashioned novel.

But allowing for the failure of the final chapter, the book is still one that we strongly recommend to all ladies and all would-be ladies.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

Mr. Howells is so recognized a light on the literary horizon of to-day that very few people have the temerity to criticise his printed page. One's attitude toward him upon taking up his new volume is much that of the English schoolboy to the head master; one stands cap in hand and responds, "Thank you, sir," to whatever our superior may choose to say to us. Of course there is always Mrs. Atherton from California to upbraid Mr. Howells for his gentlemanly point of view and to point out to him the value of a free and powerful handling of sex relations. The rest of us are candidly abashed at the beauty of the long career of conscientious and noble work; a little awed, in truth, by the craftsman who has steadily and honestly done his best and grown so continuously in power, humanity and depth.

But Mr. Howells has made especially difficult to the critic the treatment of his present volume by telling him therein exactly how he ought and ought not to handle it. He has begun by telling us that there is "no just and honest criticism without quotation. The critic is bound to make out his case or abdicate his function." This throws upon the critic the terrible responsibility of selection where all is good and all is useful at varying times and in varying moods. Again Mr. Howells has

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given us an essay on "Unfriendly Criticism" in which he points out unerringly the numerous pitfalls on all sides of the unwary critic. We are not to praise the great author for what he did once, as if he were incapable of breaking new ground each day; "a good critic will be alert to detect those fine differences of situation which distinguish a later from an earlier predicament." He tells us how an author, no matter how established his fame, still longs to be adequately reviewed, "a fond longing amid repeated disappointments." On the other hand, he warns us that an author may often think he is fulsomely praised and may even feel a sort of disgust for the slab adulation trowelled upon him." Finally he warns us to find out our author's "personal quality," since only by so doing and by handing on to others the sense of this personal quality can we hope to serve our author.

First of all we should say that Mr. Howells, though born in Ohio, owned by inheritance a well-wound-up and active New England conscience and that he had his own share of American modesty. There are many subjects freely laid out beneath the light of day by the writers of Latin races which Mr. Howells has agreed to shut his eyes to. He has in all probability never contemplated them. It is Mrs. Atherton's contention that this abstention makes for anæmia. We are willing to grant that it makes for restraint and eclecticism, but we refuse to admit that it means meagre emotion. There would seem to this critic as much depth of human feeling in the little essay on the "Superiority of our Inferiors," as in Mrs. Atherton's whole recent volume about a great singer and a soapy young Englishman. Emotion is emotion whether it takes the form of courtesy to the man behind your chair at the restaurant or the more complex form of swiftly dissolved and swiftly rebuilded marital relations. There are depths of misery and struggles of consciousness described by the Russian and Scandinavian writers quite unlike anything Mr. Howells has ever depicted. This may be a limitation. However, the utterances gathered in the present volume were delivered from Harper's "Easy Chair," and it was suitable that the worst of human sufferings should be omitted. But in a certain way it is true that a great deal of Mr. Howells's writings falls short of the depth and height of human woe. It is quite natural that he should plead for the normal hero and heroine, for the beauty of the recurrent commonplace days, for here in our land the most terrible tragedies of shame and woe are not often to be seen in the main currents of life. But is Mr. Howells still breaking new ground? All great men who grow old with their hearts alive, their senses alert and their eyes open, come to a growing consciousness that life is all of a piece; that each of us is but a part in a great unity, and that the further the vision reaches the greater becomes the strangeness and wonder and beauty of the whole. In this sense Mr. Howells has steadily grown and each new book he offers gives us new evidence of this deeper and fuller consciousness. Grace and restraint are a part of his craftsmanship, but the tolerant mind and the deep and tender heart are the outcome of steady spiritual growth, the flowering of a beautiful life.

As to teaching the young the personal quality of Mr. Howells? The pure in heart will gravitate to him of their own accord; and the more turbulent and unwise, those who come to virtue through experiment, will grow up to him; "wait till they come to forty year."

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INTERPRETERS OF LIFE. By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1911.

Our present day can boast of very little interpretive criticism. When one compares the work in this line with that of a generation ago, when Pater wrote about Coleridge and Arnold about Keats, when Swinburne illuminated the text of Shelley, and Stephen studied his immediate predecessors, we are amazed at the paucity of worthy present-day criticism.

For this reason one welcomes the present volume by Archibald Henderson. The author has set himself a serious task. In the light, well-printed, portable volume he gives us studies of George Meredith, Oscar Wilde, Maurice Maeterlinck, Henrik Ibsen and George Bernard Shaw. By some mistake of valuation the author places his study of George Meredith first instead of his very able and carefully thought-out study of Ibsen. It may be frankly stated from the beginning that the book's chief right to exist and to be treated seriously is due to this particular essay. The author gives credit to the mordant irony with which Ibsen showed up the flaws in our rough-and-ready morality—"the morality of custom," as Nietzsche termed it. The little sketch of Ibsen's early life, the financial disaster which overtook the family when he was eight years old and the sudden turning away of the friends of their prosperity, and the effect of these events upon the childish imagination of the embryonic dramatist are all carefully set forth. There is little that is new to be printed of the actual facts of Ibsen's life, so that the value of the essay lies rather in the author's interpretive criticism than in any collection of facts. As interpretive critic Mr. Henderson emphasizes the following points: that Ibsen tends to intensification of method, ever digging deeper and deeper into the substratum of human feelings rather than to the enlarging of the horizon; Ibsen's revolt against the false standard for women; and his firm faith in the saving remnant, the minority, upon whom he rested his hope. The real problem, he writes, around which Ibsen's mind continually hovered was the problem of the individual's discovering himself in life. The duty and the right of each person to realize himself. Perhaps the best bit of criticism that Mr. Henderson has to offer is that in which he deals with Ibsen's mystical period during which he was writing the "Lady from the Sea," "The Master Builder," "When We Dead Awaken." Mr. Henderson is undoubtedly right in saying that it is an exaggeration to believe that Ibsen laid the foundation of a new school of art; it is rather true that Ibsen strove, as do all great writers, to bring his readers to a fuller consciousness of life and of themselves by portraying exactly what he saw about him. In this connection Mr. Henderson quotes what Goethe said of Molière: "He has chastised us by painting us just as we are." Finally Mr. Henderson says: "Ibsen's appeal is to that great and growing moral passion for social enlightenment which is permeating the entire civilized world. Ibsen starts within the individual a train of meditation and reflection which may alter a life, which may even influence the whole world."

In the second half of the Ibsen study, treating of the genesis of the dramas, Mr. Henderson has had access not only to all the Ibsen letters, but to Ibsen's notes and papers. An interesting allusion of Ibsen's in a letter to Passarge contains the statement: "Everything I have written has the closest possible connection with what I have lived through, even if

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it has not been my own personal experience; in every new poem or play I have aimed at my own spiritual emancipation and purification—for a man shares the responsibility and the guilt of the society to which he belongs." This last sentence, it is hardly necessary to point out, is in line with all of Tolstoi's thinking and all of Maeterlinck's, and is, again, that sense of man's being a part of the infinite whole which is gaining such rapid ground over the world to-day.

If the essay on Ibsen may be looked upon as a quite serious study it is impossible to take the essay on Shaw in the same spirit. Mr. Henderson handles Shaw over-lightly, and it may be said that beyond a few points of personality and a witticism or two absolutely nothing that is new is added to the world's knowledge of that great ironical dramatist.

In like kind the essay on Meredith is utterly inadequate. Indeed, it is far too late in the day for thirty pages upon Meredith, unless they be of most illuminating kind, to have any special value. The essay on Wilde has some excellent phrases, and we are grateful for the "ease of blasphemy" and the "commercialization of audacity." The symbol of art is no longer in Wilde's hands "a noble muse, but only a tricky jade." The "Duchess of Padua" is certainly overrated by Mr. Henderson, as "The Importance of Being Earnest," the very best of Wilde's *jeu d'esprit*, is underrated.

Voltaire has said that a serious book must never be written seriously, and yet no man more willingly shed his life's blood to express his convictions than Voltaire himself. The crime of Wilde's life was that he was never in earnest a moment about anything but his own vanity. It will doubtless be this lack, more than anything else, which will brand his work as ephemeral.

Of the essay on Maeterlinck one can only say that it is not particularly illuminating and that it contains nothing the intelligent reader would not derive directly from the works themselves.

On the whole this volume has the merit of being a volume of interpretive criticism of which we have far too little, and we are grateful for it even though it has the defect of rather dim illumination.

ATTITUDES AND AVOWALS. By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. New York: John Lane Company, 1910.

The measure of a book's vitality is in the stimulus it gives to activity, its power of begetting further thought. Richard Le Gallienne has a pretty mind, a pretty feminine mind full of charming fancies, and one can read his book through, all the twenty-four essays in its three hundred and forty-two pages and come away with nothing but an occasional and ephemeral pleasing phrase gathered. It is a question whether it is ever worth while to gather together into book form the flotsam and jetsam of regular magazine utterance. No man can think things worth thinking once a week or once a month, and who for his living attempts to do this must realize that his utterance is the idle chatter of an idle hour; his passion for the printed page, his reverence for the covers of a book, should save him the humiliation of seeing these idle moments gathered up into permanent form. Who knows but that an adequate punishment in a future life would be the humiliation of reading over again the things we have

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thought fit in this life to put in a book and circulate. At any rate, if one may say that there is nothing shocking or wrong or evil or corrupting in Mr. Le Gallienne's book, one may with like candor say that there is nothing noble or strong or original or vital or interesting. Table talk makes best reading when the author of it does not make the selection. When the man who utters it earns his daily bread by turning it out it is not likely to be of great vitality. Probably literature only exists where nobody works for money and nobody works for fame.

On Something. By H. Belloc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1911.

Despite our habitual aversion to scraps and patches, Mr. Belloc's thirty little sketches within the compass of two hundred and sixty-six pages must be praised. A light, holdable, cheerful, easily read little volume it is, full of mirth and observation and experiences and pictures of far-away places. The book is an ideal one to read on a railway train or a sea voyage or wherever concentrated attention is not necessary. All light reading need not be fiction, and dipping into this graceful volume we come across a delightful description of the cathedral of St. Front in Périgueux of the Périgord; a treasured reference to the church of Brou; a delightful portrait of a child; a child's questionings as to fairyland; an exquisite sketch of the significance of sacramental things; bits of real poetry; and a tale that holds in it all the sense of home; such things, fragments indeed, but nourishing fragments, are gathered together in this charming little book.

As to the author, he has evidently taken the advice of his own Wandering Peter. "Look you, good people all, in your little passage through the daylight, get to see as many hills and buildings and rivers, fields, books, men, horses, ships and precious stones as you can possibly manage to do. . . . For my part, I followed out my fate. And I propose, in spite of my numerous iniquities, by the recollection of my many joys in the glories of this earth, as by corks, to float myself in the sea of nothingness until I reach the regions of the Blessed and the pure in heart."

Soul and Circumstance. By Stephen Berrien Stanton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

"The concrete is limited both in suggestiveness and in appeal, but the abstract has a world-wide currency," says the author of this volume, and any one who has the patience to read his work through will believe that he is therein stating with candor his own theory, for his book is a warning example of the tragedy of floating forever in the dim inane. There is evidently good stuff in this book, as one can prove by a citation here and there, but the garment in which the thought goes clothed is simply shocking. There are whole pages of abstract nouns; there are detached monotonous sentences, all of an equal length; there is no flow either of the thought or of the form and there is nothing to grip hold of. Never once are you allowed to get your feet or your hands on solid ground and hold on for a bit. It is Emerson more transcendentalized. One may open the book at random anywhere and find pages of nouns like "supplementation, experience, forgetfulness, elaboration, thought, superstructure, height,

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summation, comprehensiveness, consistency, principles, application, plans, decisions, tendencies, eventualities, fluctuations," until one fairly weeps for a chair, or a table, or ground, or soil, or trees or something, or anything that is concrete. It may be that the time shall come when man's mind will move rapidly in these realms of vague abstraction, but certainly in our day who despises the garment of thought, the concrete body in which the thought goes clothed, must pay the penalty of few and impatient readers.

AMONG FRIENDS. By SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1910.

The sign of a certain guileless grocer suggests itself as a metaphorical commentary on the contents of this volume. He advertises "Extra Fresh-Eggs: Fresh Eggs: Eggs." So very "extra fresh" are some of the essays —so nutritious and of so delicate a flavor—that it is all the more matter of regret that others either mediocre or altogether stale and unprofitable should be included under the same cover.

Especially unfortunate is it that one of the most tedious of them should have been given first place and should have lent its name to the volume. There are pleasant thoughts in it and clever sayings, but, written as it is in lighter vein, the reader grudges the mental effort required to follow the thread of the argument.

Likewise in "The Romance of Ethics" the reader does not gain sufficient instruction to compensate him for the labor involved in the reading and for the lack of entertainment offered. The author throws no new light on Spenser, with whom he points his moral but fails to adorn his tale.

But we cannot help suspecting that when Mr. Crothers bores us it is because he himself is bored. For when he seems to be in his natural element he is invariably delightful. He has the rare faculty of appearing without vanity thoroughly to enjoy himself. It is then that we are charmed by his play of fancy and revel in his "glory of gay wit."

In his essay on "The Hundred Worst Books" he is at his best in his rôle of fun-maker. To illustrate what a book ought not to be he chooses a treatise entitled "Our Domestic Fowls," published by the Religious Tract Society of London. A more delectable bit of book criticism it is seldom one's fortune to come upon. And the satire is so kindly, so imbued with the spirit of pure mischief, that even the victim of it would needs join in the laugh at his own expense.

"The Anglo-American School of Polite Unlearning" is another most enjoyable piece of humorous writing. Would that it might be read by every Britisher who regards America with blood in his eye—by every American who looks at the mother-country with a braggadocio stare of superiority. "In the United States the word Britisher is not used as a term of endearment," remarks the author: but, indeed, it soon would be if the salve that Mr. Crothers offers for international irritations could be generally applied.

Occasionally the author dons the cap and bells, as in "The Merry Devil of Education" and in "The Convention of Books." He is safe to remain in the realm of the fanciful: when he forsakes that for the realm of the purely fantastic he sacrifices that peculiar charm which does not lend itself to burlesque.

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"My Missionary Life in Persia," while it is played upon by a lightsome whimsicality, is yet suggestive enough to be regarded seriously as a guide to conduct. The author preaches a little sermon on altruism. His text is not "Be good and you will be happy," but "Be happy though good." It is refreshing to find Mr. Crothers divesting Altruism of her solemn mien of self-sacrifice and all uncomfortable virtues and clothing her in gayly colored raiment.

This essay, with its stimulus toward a bright and happy morality, deserves to rank with that "In Praise of Politicians" as among the best that have ever come from his pen.

The last named is a defence of the politician *versus* the politicaster—this apt term of Milton being adopted to differentiate between the Gaynors and the Crokers of our American political life. The author's plea for the dignity of politics is earnest and able. He tells us that the politician's "high disinterested virtues must be built upon political virtues of the common sort," but he proceeds then to point out that these same virtues of the common sort are not to be despised. Because the politician must concern himself with expediency his morality is *not* necessarily of a low order. In an interesting discussion of Lincoln as a great exponent of expediency we are reminded that he frequently allowed his official duty to dictate terms to his personal conscience.

"The Expedient is a poor relation of the Best," the author says. "It is the Best Possible under the circumstances. It is a superlative that has gone into business and must work for its living. It has to be a good manager in order to get along at all; and its rich relatives, the Absolute Bests of Utopia Centre, are always blaming it because it does not get on faster."

This last phrase may serve as an example of the manner in which the author uses his whimsical humor to illustrate a serious meaning. No matter how much in earnest he may be, evidence of his wit is never long absent from his pages. It is constantly bubbling up in unexpected places.

In spite of the author's exceeding cleverness, he is invariably good-tempered, free from prejudice and full of an easy optimism. He believes that—to use his own words—"there are those in whom the moral flag does not always follow trade." And in this very ease lies a part of his power to charm.

THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE IN ENGLAND. By SIDNEY LEE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

This is, perhaps, the most readable and interesting of all Mr. Sidney Lee's valuable contributions to the literature of Elizabethan England. For, although he traces the debt of Tudor England to the French Renaissance and deals thoroughly with French influence on Skelton and Hawes, and the borrowings of Wyatt and Surrey from Marot and Allimani, the main part of the book is a thorough investigation of the effect upon Elizabethan prose, lyric, drama and religious thought of the French Renaissance. The metrical debt, the dictional borrowings from Ronsard and the Pléiade are enlightening and exceedingly interesting. Certainly they suggest that further valuable research might be made along the same lines. Mr. Lee quotes Arnold's dictum: "The criticism which alone can help us for

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the future is the criticism which regards Europe as being for intellectual and spiritual purposes one great federation bound to a joint action and working to a common result." The fact that every national literature feeds largely upon various sustenance, upon the literatures which have preceded it in time, is acknowledged now; and had such knowledge been widely spread earlier the futility and foolishness of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy might have been avoided. It is even to the student of literature somewhat of a blow to find out how large a part of the Shakespeare sonnets—those sonnets which we are accustomed to look upon as a direct and personal revelation—belong to the literary conventions of the day. Mr. Lee not only gives us an illuminating number of parallel passages and direct transcripts from French literature in the sonnets, but he points out that the plea to the friend to perpetuate his beauty in offspring; the denunciation of a false mistress of dark complexion; impassioned appeals in the name of friendship; an ecstatic praise of the friend; the singing of a patron's high birth, wealth, rank, intellect and the singer's servitude; the tests of adversity which strengthen love; the vaunt of immortality for the song—all these conventions are paralleled in the sonnets of Jodelle, Ronsard, Jamyn, Desportes, Du Bellay and others. In connection with this book of Sidney Lee's it is well to recall an excellent book published a year ago, "The Claims of French Poetry," by J. C. Bailey. The very able studies of Ronsard and Marot will amplify Mr. Lee's study.

This book on the French Renaissance in England has not only all the authority of Mr. Lee's unquestioned and able scholarship, but it is full of life and interest. It is more charmingly written, more delightful to read, than any of the same author's earlier work.

France under the Republic. By Jean Charlemagne Bracq, Litt.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

After reading this book no one has to ask why most Frenchmen live in France. The inquiry is here fully and finally answered. France is a paradise for Frenchmen. It is a matter of congratulation that there is such a place on the earth. Did France wish to offset its declining birth-rate by encouraging immigration, we might suggest to the new ministry an appropriation,—or credit, as they call it,—for the free publication of this work.

"Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" The present-day answer is, France can; and under the present *régime* it has added many cubits to its moral, mental and material height and has even increased the physical proportions of its men and doubtless of its women also. This book, which is, in the main, a comparison of France under the Third Republic with France under its former governments, and particularly with its immediate predecessor, the Second Empire—1910 with 1870—establishes to the perfect satisfaction of its author that France is *la belle France*, beautiful morally, intellectually, economically and socially, and is growing in grace every day. "Go to Paris and die," some one has said; but we say, putting it rather more broadly, "Go to France and live." Vassar College may be proud that she has any charm potent enough to hold our author even for nine months in the year.

To speak less lightly, this book contains a select assortment of statistics

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which prove, as far as such a volume can prove it, that the Third Republic —the "great political experiment of France"—is a success. Republicans all over the world may thank God and take courage and hope for better things in their own countries, for they cannot all foregather in France. Which leads us to say that France does not want too many of them, for it is apparently her theory of life that what France has and can have is not too much for the number now within her borders, which has increased very little in the past few decades. Frenchmen individually may be considered somewhat volatile; but the Government grows steadier, and while there were fifteen ministries in the first ten years of the Third Republic there have been only five in the fourth decade. The Senate, for which the Chamber of Deputies is largely a recruiting-ground, has had among its members great scientists, philosophers, literary and religious men—"royal spirits representing all shades of political opinions" and "contains now the flower of French political intelligence." Our author thinks that "it probably surpasses all other Upper Houses in its volume of personal and political worth." The English who are about to reconstruct their Upper House may consider it.

France must always be ready to answer the question, do Liberty, Equality and Fraternity flourish there? Are they mere names or have they substantial existence? If Liberty includes the freedom of the press, of the person, of the mind, of the soul, it is there; it is a fact; and there is much more of it now than under the Empires and Monarchies and more than there was in the earlier years of the present Republic. One cannot exactly measure freedom, but most of us can tell the difference between a *lettre de cachet* and a writ of *habeas corpus;* between an inquisition of the Holy Office and an inquisition of twelve "good and lawful men"; between being considered guilty because you are accused and being considered innocent until you are proved guilty; between having the children of your brain burned by the common hangman and having them protected by the majesty of the people's Government. And the French have had experience in both kinds. There are now one hundred and ten daily papers in Paris where there were only twenty at the time of Sedan, and they are watchmen on Liberty's walls.

Nor is this liberty at war with material progress. Commerce flourishes in France and between her and her colonies and other countries. Four billions of francs are invested in her colonies; the produce of her industries has trebled in forty years. France is the great creditor. One-third of the Russian national debt, one-half of the Turkish, one-fourth of the Portuguese and a large part of the debts of Spain and Austria-Hungary are held by her citizens, who have twenty billions of francs in foreign securities, from which they receive the sum of two billions annually in gold. The wealth of the country in stocks and securities increased from twenty-five billions in 1880 to one hundred and thirty-five billions in 1906. Agriculture is in like good case. Eight bushels of wheat grow where five grew in 1870. The land is well distributed among the people, there are few land monopolists and nine out of every ten persons are interested directly or indirectly in real estate.

As for Equality and Fraternity, the reader must go to the book and see; and we can only say here that they are not unequal members of the great trinity.

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Is there a Greater France? During this Republic the colonial dominions and protectorates have increased in area eight times; and they are well administered, and the greatest of them lie contiguously in North Africa, the nearest of them being only a day's sail across the Mediterranean.

The French not only love their country, they trust it. Thiers having paid the Germans two billions of francs on account, asked France for three more in order to hurry them out of the country. There were offers of forty billions, patriotism rather than the hospitality being then in order.

But that great debt? True, there is a great debt, but most of it resulted from the Franco-German War, and for the rest France has much to show. Besides, she will soon be the owner of railway property worth enough to cancel her debt if she cares to use her wealth in that way; and as the people hold their own bonds the income remains in the country.

There are chapters on social reform and philanthropy, religion, education and the fight between the State and the Church.

The author's long residence in America has not impaired his affection for his motherland, which has heartened him in bringing together a great array of facts and figures. He holds a brief for France and the Third Republic. He has a client worth writing and fighting for, and she has a very distinguished and convincing advocate. We commend his work to all who love France or wish to love her.

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"UNDER WESTERN EYES"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

CHAPTER VI

We remained looking at each other for a time.

"Do you know who he is?"

Miss Haldin, coming forward, put this question to me in English.

I took her offered hand.

"Everybody knows. He is a revolutionary feminist, a great writer, if you like, and—how shall I say it?—the—the familiar guest of Madame de S——'s mystic revolutionary salon."

Miss Haldin passed her hand over her forehead.

"You know he was with me for more than an hour before you came in. I was so glad mother was lying down. She has many nights without sleep, and then sometimes in the middle of the day she gets a rest of several hours. It is sheer exhaustion, but still I am thankful. . . . If it were not for these intervals."

She looked at me and with that extraordinary penetration which used to disconcert me shook her head.

"No; she would not go mad."

"My dear young lady," I cried, by way of protest, the more shocked because in my heart I was far from thinking Mrs. Haldin quite sane.

"You don't know what a fine, clear intellect mother had," continued Natalia Haldin, with her calm, clear-eyed simplicity which seemed to me always to have a quality of heroism.

"I am sure . . ." I murmured.

"I darkened mother's room and came out here. I've wanted for so long to think quietly."

She paused, then without giving any sign of distress, added, "It's so difficult," and looked at me with a strange fixity, as if watching for a sign of dissent or surprise.

I gave neither. I was irresistibly impelled to say:

"The visit from that gentleman has not made it any easier, I fear."

Miss Haldin stood before me with a peculiar expression in her eyes.

"I don't pretend to understand Peter Ivanovitch completely. Some guide one must have even if one does not wholly give up the direction of one's conduct to him. I am an inexperienced girl, but I am not slavish. There has been too much of that in having one's thoughts directed. But I don't mind confessing to you that I have not been completely candid with Peter Ivanovitch. I don't quite know what prevented me at the moment. . . ."

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She walked away suddenly from me to a distant part of the room, but it was only to open and shut a drawer in a bureau. She approached me again with a piece of paper in her hand. It was thin and blackened with close handwriting. It was obviously a letter.

"I wanted to read you the very words," she said. "This is one of my poor brother's letters. He never doubted. How could he doubt? They are only such a small handful, these miserable oppressors before the unanimous will of our people."

"Your brother believed in the power of a people's will to achieve anything?"

"It was his religion," declared Miss Haldin.

I looked at her calm face and her animated eyes.

"Of course the will must be awakened, inspired, concentrated. That is the true task of real agitators. One has got to give up one's life to it. The degradation of servitude, the absolutist lies must be uprooted and swept out. Reform is impossible. There is nothing to reform. There is no legality, there are no institutions. There are only arbitrary decrees. There is only a handful of cruel—perhaps blind officials—against a nation."

The letter rustled slightly in her hand. I glanced down at the thin, flimsy, blackened pages whose very handwriting seemed cabalistic, incomprehensible to the experience of western Europe.

"Stated like this," I confessed, "the problem seems simple enough. But I fear I shall not see it solved. And if you go back to Russia I know that I shall not see you again. Yet once more I say, go back! Don't suppose that I am thinking of your preservation. No. I know that you will not be returning to personal safety. But I had much rather think of you in danger there than see you exposed to what may be met here."

"I tell you what," said Miss Haldin, after a moment of reflection. "I believe that you hate revolution; you fancy it's not quite honest. You belong to a people which has made a bargain with Fate and wouldn't like to be rude to it. But we have made no bargain. It was never offered to us—so much liberty for so much hard cash. You shrink from the idea of revolutionary action for those you think well of as if it were something—how shall I say it?—not quite decent."

I bowed my head.

"You are quite right," I said. "I think very highly of you."

"Don't suppose I do not know it," she began, hurriedly. "Your friendship has been very valuable."

"I have done very little else but look on."

She was a little flushed under the eyes.

"There is a way of looking on which is valuable. I have felt less lonely because of it. It's difficult to explain."

"Really? Well, I too have felt less lonely. That's easy to explain, though. But it won't go on much longer. The last thing I want to tell you is this: in a real revolution not a simple dynastic change or a mere reform of institutions—in a real revolution the best characters do not come to the front. A violent revolution falls into the hands of narrow-minded fanatics and of tyrannical hypocrites at first. Afterward comes the turn of all the pretentious intellectual failures of the time. Such are the chiefs and the leaders. You will notice that I have left out the mere rogues. The scrupulous and the just, the noble, humane and devoted natures; the unselfish

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and the intelligent may begin a movement—but it passes away from them. They are not the leaders of a revolution. They are its victims—the victims of disgust, of disenchantment—often of remorse. Hopes grotesquely betrayed, ideals caricatured—that is the definition of revolutionary success. There have been in every revolution hearts broken by such successes. But enough of that. My meaning is that I don't want you to be a victim."

"If I could believe all you have said I still wouldn't think of myself," protested Miss Haldin. "I would take liberty from any hand as a hungry man would snatch at a piece of bread. The true progress must begin after. And for that the right men shall be found. They are already amongst us. One comes upon them in their obscurity, unknown, preparing themselves . . ."

She spread out the letter she had kept in her hand all the time and looking down at it:

"Yes; one comes upon such men," she repeated, and then read out the words, "'Unstained, lofty and solitary existences.'"

Folding up the letter while I looked at her interrogatively, she explained:

"These are the words which my brother applies to a young man he came to know in St. Petersburg. An intimate friend, I suppose. It must be. His is the only name my brother mentions in all his correspondence with me. Absolutely the only one, and—would you believe it?—the man is here. He arrived recently in Geneva."

"Have you seen him?" I inquired. "But, of course, you must have seen him."

"No, no; I haven't. I didn't know he was here. It's Peter Ivanovitch himself who told me. You have heard him yourself mentioning a new arrival from Petersburg. . . . Well, that is the man of 'unstained, lofty and solitary existence.' My brother's friend."

"Compromised politically, I suppose," I remarked.

"I don't know. Yes; it must be so. Who knows? Perhaps it was this very friendship with my brother which . . . But no. It is scarcely possible. Really, I know nothing except what Peter Ivanovitch told me of him. He has brought a letter of introduction from Father Zosim—you know, the priest democrat. You have heard of Father Zosim?"

"Oh yes. The famous Father Zosim had been staying here in Geneva for some two months about a year ago," I said. "When he left here he seems to have disappeared from the world."

"It appears that he is at work in Russia again. Somewhere in the centre," Miss Haldin said, with animation. "But please don't mention that to any one—don't let it slip from you, because if it got into the papers it would be dangerous for him."

"You are anxious, of course, to meet that friend of your brother?"

Miss Haldin put the letter into her pocket. Her eyes looked beyond my shoulder at the door of her mother's room.

"Not here," she murmured. "Not for the first time, at least."

After a moment of silence I said good-by, but Miss Haldin followed me into the anteroom, closing the door behind us carefully.

"I suppose you guess where I mean to go to-morrow?"

"You have made up your mind to call on Madame de S——."

"Yes; I am going to the Château Borel. I must."

"What do you expect to hear there?" I asked in a low voice.

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I wondered if she were not deluding herself with some impossible hope. It was not that, however.

"Only think—such a friend. The only man mentioned in his letters. He would have something to give me, if nothing more than a few poor words. It may be something said and thought in these last days. Would you want me to turn my back on what is left of my poor brother? A friend?"

"Certainly not," I said. "I quite understand your pious curiosity."

"—(Unstained, lofty and solitary existences)," she murmured to herself. "There are. There are. Well, let me question one of them about the loved dead."

"How do you know, though, that you will meet him there? Is he staying in the château as a guest—do you suppose?"

"I can't really tell," she confessed. "He brought a written introduction from Father Zosim—who, it seems, is a friend of Madame de S——, too. She can't be such a worthless woman, after all."

"There were all sorts of rumors afloat about Father Zosim himself," I observed.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Calumny is a weapon of our government, too. It's well known. Oh yes. It is a fact that Father Zosim had the protection of the Governor-General of a certain province. We talked on the subject with my brother two years ago, I remember. But his work was good. And now he is proscribed. What better proof can one require? But no matter what that priest was or is. All that cannot affect my brother's friend. If I don't meet him there I shall ask these people for his address. And, of course, mother must see him, too, later on. There is no guessing what he may have to tell us. It would be a mercy if mamma could be soothed. You know what she imagines. Some explanation perhaps may be found or—or even made up, perhaps. It would be no sin."

"Certainly," I said. "It would be no sin. It may be a mistake, though."

"I want her only to recover some of her old spirit. While she is like this I cannot think of anything calmly."

"Do you mean to invent some sort of pious fraud for your mother's sake?" I asked.

"Why fraud? Such a friend is sure to know something of my brother in these last days. He could tell us. . . . There is something in the facts which will not let me rest. I am certain he meant to join us abroad—that he had some plans—some great patriotic action in view; not only for himself, but for both of us. I trusted in that. I looked forward to the time. Oh, with such hope and impatience. . . . I could have helped. And now suddenly this appearance of recklessness—as if he had not cared. . . ."

She remained silent for a time, then obstinately she concluded:

"I want to know. . . ."

Thinking it over, later on, while I walked slowly away from the Boulevard des Philosophes, I asked myself, critically, what precisely was it that she wanted to know? What I knew of her history was enough to give me a clew. In the educational establishment for girls where Miss Haldin finished her studies she was looked upon rather unfavorably. She was suspected of holding independent views on matters settled by official teaching. Afterward, when the two ladies returned to their country place, both

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mother and daughter, by speaking their minds openly on local events, had earned for themselves a reputation of liberalism. The three-horse trap of the district police captain began to be seen frequently in the village. "I must keep an eye on the peasants"—so he explained his visits up at the house. "Two lonely ladies must be looked after a little." He would inspect the walls as though he wanted to pierce them with his eyes, peer at the photographs, turn over the books in the drawing-room negligently, and, after the usual refreshments, would depart. But the old priest of the village came one evening in the greatest distress and agitation to confess that he—the priest—had been ordered to watch and ascertain in other ways, too (such as using his spiritual power with the servants), all that was going on in the house, and especially in respect of the visitors these ladies received, who they were, the length of their stay, whether any of them were strangers to that part of the country, and so on. The poor, simple, old man was in an agony of humiliation and terror. "I came to warn you. Be cautious in your conduct, for the love of God. I am burning with shame, but there is no getting out from under the net. I shall have to tell them what I see, because if I did not there is my deacon. He would make the worst of things to curry favor. And then my son-in-law, the husband of my Parasha, who is a writer in the Government Domain office, they would soon kick him out—and maybe send him away somewhere." The old man lamented the necessities of the times—"when people do not agree somehow," and wiped his eyes. He did not wish to spend the evening of his days with a shaven head in the penitent's cell of some monastery—"and subjected to all the severities of ecclesiastical discipline; for they would show no mercy to an old man," he groaned. He became almost hysterical, and the two ladies, full of commiseration, soothed him the best they could before they let him go back to his cottage. But, as a matter of fact, they had very few visitors. The neighbors—some of them old friends—began to keep away; a few from timidity, others with marked disdain, being grand people that came only for the summer. Miss Haldin explained to me, aristocrats, reactionaries. It was a solitary existence for a young girl. Her relations with her mother were of the tenderest and most open kind; but Mrs. Haldin had seen the experiences of her own generation, its sufferings, its deceptions, its apostacies, too. Her affection for her children was expressed by the suppression of all signs of anxiety. She maintained a heroic reserve. To Natalia Haldin her brother, with his Petersburg existence, not enigmatical in the least (there could be no doubt of what he felt or thought), but conducted a little mysteriously, was the only visible representative of a proscribed liberty. All the significance of freedom, its indefinite promises, lived in their long discussions, breathing the loftiest hope of action and faith in success. Then suddenly the action, the hopes, came to an end, with the details ferreted out by the English journalist. The concrete fact, the fact of his death remained; but it remained obscure in its deeper causes. She felt herself abandoned without explanation. But she did not suspect him. What she wanted was to learn almost at any cost how she could remain faithful to his departed spirit.

CHAPTER VII

Several days elapsed before I met Natalia Haldin again. I was crossing the place in front of the theatre when I made out her shapely figure

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in the very act of turning between the gate pillars of the unattractive public promenade of the Bastions. She walked away from me, but I knew we should meet as she returned down the main alley—unless indeed she were going home. In that case I don't think I should have called on her yet. My desire to keep her away from these people was as strong as ever, but I had no illusions as to my power. I was but a Westerner, and it was clear that Miss Haldin would not, could not listen to my wisdom; and as to my desire of listening to her voice, it were better, I thought, not to indulge overmuch in that pleasure. No, I would not have gone to the Boulevard des Philosophes; but when at about the middle of the principal alley I saw Miss Haldin coming toward me, I felt I was too curious and too honest, perhaps, to run away.

There was something of the spring harshness in the air. The blue sky was hard, but the young leaves clung like soft mist about the uninteresting range of trees; and the clear sun put little points of gold into the gray of Miss Haldin's frank eyes, turned to me with a friendly greeting.

I inquired after the health of her mother.

She made a slight movement of the shoulders and a little sigh.

"But, you see, I did come out for a walk . . . for exercise, as you English say."

I smiled approvingly, and she added an unexpected remark:

"It is a glorious day."

Her voice, slightly harsh, but fascinating with its masculine and bird-like quality, had the accent of spontaneous conviction. I was glad of it. It was as though she had become aware of her youth—for there was nothing of spring-like glory in the rectangular railed space of grass and trees framed visibly by the orderly roof slopes of that town, comely without grace and hospitable without sympathy. In the very air through which she moved there was but little warmth; and the sky, the sky of a land without horizons, swept and washed clean by the April showers, extended a cold, cruel blue without elevation, narrowed suddenly by the ugly dark wall of the Jura where, here and there, lingered yet a few miserable trails and patches of snow. All the glory of the season must have been within herself—and I was glad this feeling had come into her life if only for a little time.

"I am pleased to hear you say these words."

She gave me a quick look. Quick, not stealthy. If there was one thing of which she was absolutely incapable it was stealthiness of appearance or intention. Her sincerity was expressed in the very rhythm of her walk as she moved by my side. It was I who was looking at her covertly—if I may say so. I knew where she had been, but I did not know what she had seen and heard in that nest of aristocratic conspiracies. I use the word aristocratic for want of a better term. The Château Borel embowered in the trees and thickets of its neglected grounds (they looked so through the spaces of iron railings interrupting the continuity of the enclosing wall), the Château Borel was in our day like the residence of that other dangerous and exiled woman, Madame de Staël, in the Napoleonic era. Only the Napoleonic despotism, the booted and spurred heir of the Revolution, which counted that intellectual woman for an enemy worthy to be watched, was something quite unlike the autocracy in mystic vestments engendered by the slavery of a Tartar conquest. And Madame de S—— was very far from resembling the gifted author of "Corinne." She

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made a great noise about being persecuted. I don't know if she were regarded in certain circles as dangerous. As to being watched, I imagine that the Château Borel could be subjected only to a most distant observation. It was in its exclusiveness an ideal abode for hatching superior plots —whether serious or futile. But all this did not interest me. I wanted to know the effect its extraordinary inhabitants and its special atmosphere had produced on a girl like Miss Haldin, so true, so honest, but so dangerously inexperienced. Her unconsciously lofty ignorance of the baser instincts of mankind left her disarmed before her own impulses. And there was also that friend of her brother, the significant new arrival from Russia. . . . I wondered whether she had attained her end in meeting him.

We walked for some time, slowly and in silence.

"You know," I attacked her suddenly, "if you don't intend telling me anything you must say so distinctly, and then, of course, it will be final. But I won't play at delicacy. I ask you point-blank for all the details."

She smiled faintly at my threatening tone.

"You are as curious as a child."

"No; I am only an anxious old man," I replied, earnestly.

She rested her glance on me as if to ascertain the degree of my anxiety or the number of my years. My physiognomy has never been expressive, I believe; and as to my years, I am not ancient enough as yet to be strikingly decrepit. I have no long beard like the good hermit of a romantic ballad. My footsteps are not tottering, my aspect not that of a slow, venerable sage. Those picturesque advantages are not mine. I am old, alas! in a brisk, commonplace way. And it seemed to me as though there were some pity for me in Miss Haldin's prolonged glance. She stepped out a little quicker.

"You ask for all the details. Let me see. I ought to remember them. It was novel enough for a—a village girl like me."

After a moment of silence she remarked that the Château Borel was almost as neglected inside as outside. It was nothing to wonder at. A Hamburg banker, I believe retired from business, had it built to cheer his remaining days by the view of that lake whose precise, orderly and well-to-do beauty must have been attractive to the unromantic imagination of a banker. But he died soon. His wife departed, too, but only to Italy, and this house of moneyed ease, presumably unsaleable, had stood empty for several years. One went up to it along a gravel drive round a large, coarse grass plot with plenty of time to observe the degradation of its stuccoed front. Miss Haldin said that the impression was unpleasant.

She observed green stains of moss on the steps of the terrace. The front door stood wide open. There was no one about. She found herself in a wide, lofty and absolutely empty hall with a good many doors. These doors were all shut. A broad stone staircase faced her. The effect of the whole was of an untenanted house. She stood still, disconcerted by the solitude, but after a while she became aware of a voice speaking continuously somewhere.

"You were probably being observed all the time," I suggested. "There must have been eyes."

"I don't see how that could be," she retorted. "I haven't seen even a bird in the grounds. I don't remember hearing a single twitter in the trees. The whole place appeared utterly deserted except for the voice."

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She could not make out the language—Russian, French or German. No one seemed to answer it. It was as though the voice had been left behind by the departed inhabitants to talk to the bare walls. It went on volubly with a pause now and then. It was lonely and sad. The time seemed very long to Miss Haldin. An invisible repugnance prevented her from opening one of the doors in the hall. It was so hopeless. No one would come, the voice would never stop. She confessed to me that she had to resist an impulse to turn round and go away unseen, as she had come.

"Really? You had that impulse?" I cried, full of regret. "What a pity you did not obey it."

She shook her head.

"What a strange memory it would have been for one. Those deserted grounds, that empty hall, that impersonal, voluble voice and—nobody, nothing, not a soul."

The memory would have been unique and harmless. But she was not a girl to run away from an intimidating impression of solitude and mystery. "No, I did not run away," she said; "I stayed where I was—and I did meet a soul. Such a strange soul."

As she was gazing up the broad staircase and had concluded that the voice came from somewhere above, a rustle of dress and light footsteps attracted her attention. She looked down and saw a woman crossing the hall, having issued apparently through one of the many doors. Her face was averted, so that at first she was not aware of Miss Haldin.

On turning her head and seeing a stranger, she appeared very much startled. From her slender figure Miss Haldin had taken her for a young girl; but if her face was almost childishly round, it was also sallow and wrinkled with dark rings under the eyes. A thick crop of dusty brown hair was parted boyishly on the side with a lateral wave above the dry, furrowed forehead. After a moment of dumb blinking she suddenly squatted down on the floor.

"What do you mean—squatted down?" I asked, astonished. "This is a very strange detail."

Miss Haldin explained the reason. This person when first seen was carrying a small bowl in her hand. She had squatted to set it down on the floor for the benefit of a large cat, which appeared then suddenly from behind her skirts and put its head into the bowl greedily. She got up and, approaching Miss Haldin, asked, with nervous bluntness:

"What do you want? Who are you?"

Miss Haldin mentioned her name and also the name of Peter Ivanovitch. The girlish, elderly woman nodded and puckered her face into a momentary expression of sympathy. Her black silk blouse was old and even frayed in places; the black serge skirt was short and shabby. She continued to blink at close quarters and her eyelashes and eyebrows seemed worn out, too. Miss Haldin, speaking gently to her, as if to an unhappy and sensitive person, explained how it was that her visit could not be an altogether unexpected event to Madame de S——.

"Ah! Peter Ivanovitch brought you an invitation. How was I to know? A *dame de compagnie* is not consulted, as you may imagine."

The shabby woman laughed a little. Her teeth, splendidly white and admirably even, looked absurdly out of place, like a string of pearls on the

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neck of a ragged tramp. "Peter Ivanovitch is the greatest genius of the century, perhaps, but he is the most inconsiderate man living. So if you have an appointment with him you must not be surprised to hear that he is not here."

Miss Haldin protested that she had no appointment with Peter Ivanovitch. She became interested at once in that bizarre person and that last made her grimace of significant silence and started off again.

"Why should he put himself out for you or any one else? Oh, these geniuses! If you only knew! Yes! And their books—I mean, of course, the books that the world admires, the inspired books. But you have not been behind the scenes. Wait till you have to sit at a table for half a day with a pen in your hand. He can walk up and down his rooms for hours and hours. I used to get so stiff and numb as I sat that I was afraid I would lose my balance and fall off the chair all at once."

She kept her hands folded in front of her, and her eyes, fixed on Miss Haldin's face, betrayed no animation whatever. Their expression was that of quiet conviction. Miss Haldin, gathering that the lady who called herself a *dame de compagnie* was proud of having acted as secretary to Peter Ivanovitch, made an amiable remark.

"You could not imagine a more trying experience," protested the lady. "There is an Anglo-American journalist with Madame de S—— now or I would take you up," she continued in a changed tone and glancing towards the staircase. "I act as master of ceremonies."

It appeared that Madame de S—— could not bear Swiss servants about her person; and, indeed, servants would not stay for very long in the Château Borel. There were always difficulties. Miss Haldin had already noticed that the hall was like a dusty barn of marble and stucco with cobwebs in the corners and faint tracks of mud on the black and white tessellated floor.

"I look also after this animal," continued the *dame de compagnie*, keeping her hands folded quietly in front of her; and she bent her worn gaze upon the cat. "I don't mind a bit. Animals have their rights; though, strictly speaking, I see no reason why they should not suffer as well as human beings. Do you? But, of course, they never suffer so much. That is impossible. Only in their case it is more pitiful because they cannot make a revolution. I used to be a Republican. I suppose you are a Republican?"

Miss Haldin confessed to me that she did not know what to say. But she nodded slightly and asked in her turn:

"And are you no longer a Republican?"

"After taking down Peter Ivanovitch from dictation for two years it is difficult for me to be anything. First of all, you have to sit perfectly motionless. The slightest movement you make puts to flight the ideas of Peter Ivanovitch. You hardly dare to breathe. And as to coughing—God forbid! Peter Ivanovitch changed the position of the table to the wall, because at first I could not help raising my eyes to look out of the window while waiting for him to go on with his dictation. That was not allowed. He said I stared so stupidly. I was likewise not permitted to look at him over my shoulder. Instantly Peter Ivanovitch stamped his foot and would roar, 'Look down on the paper!' It seems my expression, my face, put him off. Well, I know that I am not beautiful and that my expression

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is not hopeful, either. He said that my air of unintelligent expectation irritated him. These are his own words."

Miss Haldin was shocked, but she confessed to me that she was not altogether surprised.

"Is it possible that Peter Ivanovitch could treat any woman so rudely?" she asked.

The *dame de compagnie* nodded several times with her air of discretion, then assured Miss Haldin that she did not mind in the least. The trying part of it was to have the secret of the composition laid bare before her; to see the great author of the revolutionary gospels grope for words as if he were in the dark as to what he meant to say.

"I am quite willing to be the blind instrument of higher ends. To give one's life for the cause is nothing. But to have one's illusions destroyed—that is really almost more than one can bear. I really don't exaggerate," she insisted. "It seemed to freeze my very beliefs in me—the more so that when we worked in winter Peter Ivanovitch, walking up and down the room, required no artificial heat to keep himself warm. Even in the south of France there are bitterly cold days, especially when you have to sit still for six hours at a stretch. The walls of these villas are so flimsy. Peter Ivanovitch did not seem to be aware of anything. It is true that I kept down my shivers from fear of putting him out. I used to set my teeth till my jaw felt absolutely locked. In the moments when Peter Ivanovitch interrupted his dictation, and sometimes these intervals were very long—often twenty minutes, no less, while he walked to and fro behind my back muttering to himself—I felt I was dying by inches, I assure you. Perhaps if I had let my teeth rattle Peter Ivanovitch might have noticed my distress, but I don't think it would have had any practical effect. He's very miserly in such matters."

The *dame de compagnie* glanced up the staircase. The big cat had finished the milk and was rubbing its whiskered cheek sinuously against her skirt. She dived suddenly to snatch it up from the floor.

"Miserliness is rather a quality than otherwise, you know," she continued, holding the cat in her folded arms. "With us it is misers who can spare money for worthy objects—not the so-called generous natures. But pray don't think I am a sybarite. My father was a clerk in the Ministry of Finances with no position at all. You may guess by this that our home was far from luxurious, though of course we did not actually suffer from cold. I ran away from my parents, you know; but that could not happen till it so chanced that I began to think by myself. It is not very easy, such thinking. One has got to be put in the way of it, awakened to the truth. I am indebted for my salvation to an old apple-woman who had her stall under the gateway of the house we lived in. She had a kind, wrinkled face and the most friendly voice imaginable. One day casually we began to talk about a child, a ragged little girl we had seen begging from men in the streets at dusk; and from one thing to another my eyes began to open gradually to the horrors from which innocent people are made to suffer in this world, only in order that governments might exist. After I once understood the crime of the upper classes I could not go on living with my parents. Not a single charitable word was to be heard in our home from year's end to year's end; there was nothing but the talk of vile office intrigues, and of promotion and

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of salaries, and of courting the favor of the chiefs. The mere idea of marrying one day such another man as my father made me shudder. I don't mean to let you think there was any one wanting to marry me. There was not the slightest prospect of anything of the kind. But was it not a sin enough to live on a government salary while half Prussia was dying of hunger? The Ministry of Finances! What a grotesque horror it is! What does the starving, ignorant people want with a Ministry of Finances! I kissed my old folks on both cheeks and went away from them to live in cellars with the proletariat. I tried to make myself useful to the utterly hopeless. I suppose you understand what I mean? I mean the people who have nowhere to go and nothing to look forward to in this life. Do you understand how frightful that is—nothing to look forward to! Sometimes I think that it is only in Russia that there are such people and such a depth of misery can be reached. Well, I plunged into it and—do you know—there isn't much that one can do in there. No indeed—at least, as long as there are Ministries of Finances and such like grotesque horrors to stand in the way. I suppose I would have gone mad there just trying to fight the vermin if it had not been for a man. It was my old friend and teacher, the poor, saintly apple-woman, who discovered him for me quite accidentally. She came to fetch me late one evening in her quiet way. I followed her where she would lead; that part of my life was in her hands altogether and without her my spirit would have perished miserably. The man was a young workman, a lithographer by trade, and he had got into trouble in connection with that affair of temperance tracts—you remember. There was a lot of people put in prison for that. The Ministry of Finances again! What would become of it if the poor folk ceased making beasts of themselves with drink? Upon my word, I would think that finances and all the rest of it are an invention of the devil—if I believed in a personal devil. Only the belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary; men alone are quite capable of every wickedness. Finances indeed!"

Hatred and contempt hissed in her utterance of the word "finances," but at the very moment she gently stroked the cat reposing in her arms. She even raised them slightly, and inclining her head rubbed her cheek against the fur of the animal, which received this caress with that complete detachment so characteristic of its kind. Then looking at Miss Haldin, she excused herself once more for not taking her up-stairs to Madame S——. The interview could not be interrupted. Presently the journalist would be seen coming down the stairs. The best thing was to remain in the hall; and, besides, all these rooms (she glanced all round at the many doors), all these rooms on the ground floor were unfurnished.

"Positively there is no chair down here to offer you," she continued. "But if you prefer your own thoughts to my chatter, I will sit down on the bottom step here and keep silent."

Miss Haldin hastened to protest. On the contrary, she was very much interested in the story of the journeyman lithographer. He was a revolutionist, of course.

"A martyr, a simple man," said the *dame de compagnie,* with a faint sigh and gazing through the open front door dreamily. She turned her misty brown eyes on Miss Haldin.

"I lived with him for four months. It was like a nightmare."

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As Miss Haldin looked at her steadily she began to describe the emaciated face of the man, his fleshless limbs, his destitution. The room into which the apple-woman had led her was a tiny garret, a miserable den under the roof of a sordid house. The plaster fallen off the walls covered the floor, and when the door was opened a horrible tapestry of black cobwebs waved in the draught. He had been liberated a few days before—flung out of prison into the streets. And Miss Haldin seemed to see, for the first time, a name and a face upon the body of that suffering people whose hard fate had been the subject of so many conversations between her and her brother in the garden of their country house.

He had been arrested with scores and scores of other people in that affair of the lithographed temperance tracts. Unluckily, having got hold of a great many suspected persons, the police thought they could extract from some of them other information relating to the revolutionist propaganda.

"They beat him so cruelly in the course of the investigation," went on the *dame de compagnie*, "that they injured him internally. When they had done with him he was doomed. He could do nothing for himself. I beheld him lying on a wooden bedstead without any bedding, with his head on a bundle of dirty rags, lent to him out of charity by an old rag-picker who happened to live in the basement of the house. There he was, uncovered, burning with fever, and there was not even a jug in the room for the water to quench his thirst with. There was nothing whatever —just that bedstead and the bare floor."

"Was there no one in all that great town amongst the liberals and revolutionaries to extend a helping hand to a brother?" asked Miss Haldin, indignantly.

"Yes; but you do not know the most terrible part of that man's misery. Listen. It seems that they ill-used him so atrociously that at last his firmness gave way and he did let out some information. Poor soul! the flesh is weak, you know. What it was he did not tell me. There was a crushed spirit in that mangled body. Nothing I found to say could make him whole. When they let him out he crept into that hole and bore his remorse stoically. He would not go near any one he knew. I would have sought assistance for him, but indeed where could I have gone looking for it? Where was I to look for any one who had anything to spare or any power to help. The people living round us were all starving and drunken. They were the victims of the Ministry of Finances. Don't ask me how we lived. I couldn't tell you. It was like a miracle of wretchedness. I had nothing to sell, and, I assure you, my clothes were in such a state that it was impossible for me to go out in the daytime. I was indecent. I had to wait till it was dark before I ventured into the streets to beg for a crust of bread or whatever I could get to keep him and me alive. Often I got nothing, and then I would crawl back and lie on the floor by the side of his couch. Oh yes; I can sleep quite soundly on bare boards. That is nothing, and I am only mentioning it to you so that you should not think I am a sybarite. It was infinitely less killing than the task of sitting for hours at a table in a cold study to take the books of Peter Ivanovitch from dictation. But you shall see yourself what that is like, so I needn't say any more about it."

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"It is by no means certain that I will ever take Peter Ivanovitch from dictation," Miss Haldin protested.

"No!" said the other, incredulously. "Not certain? You mean to say that you have not made up your mind?"

When Miss Haldin assured her that there never had been any question of that between her and Peter Ivanovitch the woman with the cat compressed her lips tightly for a moment.

"Oh, you will find yourself settled at the table before you know that you have made up your mind. Don't you make a mistake; it is disenchanting to hear Peter Ivanovitch dictate, but at the same time there is a fascination about it. He is a man of genius. Your face is certain not to irritate him; you may perhaps even help his inspiration, make it easier for him to deliver his message. As I look at you I feel certain that you are the kind of woman who is not likely to check the flow of his inspiration."

Miss Haldin thought it useless to protest against all these assumptions.

"But this man—this workman—did he die under your care?" she said, after a short silence.

The *dame de compagnie*, listening up the stairs where two voices were alternating with some animation, made no answer for a time. When the loud sounds of the discussion had sunk into an almost inaudible murmur, she turned to Miss Haldin:

"Yes, he died," she said, "but not, literally speaking, in my arms, as you might suppose. As a matter of fact, I was asleep when he breathed his last. So even now I cannot say I have seen anybody die. A few days before the end some young men had found us out in our extremity They were revolutionists, as you might guess. He ought to have trusted in his political friends when he came out of prison. He had been liked and respected before and nobody would have dreamed of reproaching him with his indiscretion before the police. Everybody knows how they go to work and the strongest man has his moments of weakness before pain. Why, even hunger alone is enough to give one queer ideas as to what may be done. A doctor came. Our lot was alleviated as far as physical comforts go, but otherwise he could not be consoled—poor man. I assure you. Miss Haldin, that he was very lovable, but I had not the strength to weep. I was nearly dead myself. But there were kind hearts to take care of me. A decent dress was found to clothe my nakedness. I tell you, I was not decent—and after a time the revolutionists placed me with a Jewish family going abroad as governess. Of course I could teach the children; I finished the sixth class of the Lyceum. But the real object was that I should be useful to the cause. I had to carry some important papers across the frontier. I was intrusted with a packet which I carried next my breast. The gendarmes at the station did not suspect the governess of a Jewish family, busy looking after three children. I don't suppose those Hebrews knew what I had on me, for I had been introduced to them in a very roundabout way by persons who did not belong to the revolutionary movement, and naturally I had been instructed to accept a very small salary. When we reached Germany I left that family and delivered my papers to a revolutionist in Stuttgart; after that I was employed in various ways. But you do not want to hear of that. I have never felt that I was very useful, but I live in hopes of seeing all the

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Ministries destroyed, finances and all. The greatest joy of my life has been to hear what your brother has done."

She directed her round eyes again to the sunshine outside, while the cat reposing within her folded arms had an air of lordly beatitude and Sphinx-like meditation.

"Yes, I rejoiced," she began again. "For me there is a heroic ring about the very name of Haldin. They must have been trembling with fear in their Ministries—all those men with fiendish hearts. Here I stand talking to you, and when I think of all the cruelties, oppressions and injustices that are going on at this very moment my head begins to swim. I have looked closely at what would seem inconceivable if one's own eyes had not to be trusted. I have looked at things that made me hate myself for my helplessness. I hated my hands that had no power, my voice that could not be heard, my very mind that would not become unhinged. Ah, I have seen things. And you?"

Miss Haldin was moved. She shook her head slightly.

"No, I have seen nothing for myself as yet," she murmured. "We have always lived in the country. It was my brother's wish."

"It is a curious meeting—this—between you and me," continued the other. "Do you believe in chance, Miss Haldin? How could I have expected to see you, his sister, with my own eyes. Do you know that when the news came the revolutionaries here were as much surprised as pleased, every bit. No one seemed to know anything about your brother. Peter Ivanovitch himself had not foreseen that such a blow was going to be struck. I suppose your brother was simply inspired. I myself think that such deeds should be done by inspiration. It is a great privilege to have the inspiration and the opportunity. Did he resemble you at all? Don't you rejoice, Miss Haldin?"

"You must not expect too much from me," said Miss Haldin, repressing an inclination to cry, which came over her suddenly. She succeeded, then added, calmly, "I am not a heroic person."

"You think you couldn't have done such a thing yourself, perhaps?"

"I don't know. I must not even ask myself till I have lived a little longer, seen more. . . ."

The other moved her head appreciatively. The purring of the cat had a a loud complacency in the empty hall. No sound of voices came from up-stairs. Miss Haldin broke the silence.

"What is it precisely that you heard people say about my brother? You said that they were surprised. Yes, I suppose they were. Did it not seem strange to them that my brother should have failed to save himself after the most difficult part—that is, getting away from the spot—was over? Conspirators should understand these things well. There are reasons why I am very anxious to know."

The *dame de compagnie* had advanced to the open hall door. She glanced rapidly over her shoulder at Miss Haldin, who remained within the hall.

"Succeed to escape," she repeated, absently. "Didn't he make the sacrifice of his life? Wasn't he just simply inspired? Wasn't it an act of abnegation? Aren't you certain?"

"What I am certain of," said Miss Haldin, "is that it was not an act of despair. Have you not heard some opinion expressed here upon his miserable capture?"

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The *dame de compagnie* mused for a while in the doorway.

"Did I hear? Of course everything is discussed here. Has not all the world been speaking about your brother? For my part, the mere mention of his achievement plunges me into an envious ecstasy. Why should a man certain of immortality think of his life at all?"

She kept her back turned to Miss Haldin. Up-stairs from behind a great dingy white and gold door, visible behind the balustrade of the first-floor landing, a deep voice began to drone formally, as if reading over notes or something of the sort. It paused frequently and then ceased altogether.

"I don't think I can stay any longer," said Miss Haldin. "I will return another day."

She waited for the *dame de compagnie* to make room for her exit, but that last did not move. She appeared lost in the contemplation of sunshine and shadows, sharing between themselves the stillness of the deserted grounds. She concealed the view of the drive from Miss Haldin. Suddenly she said:

"It is not necessary. Here is Peter Ivanovitch himself coming up. But he is not alone. He is seldom alone now."

Hearing that Peter Ivanovitch was approaching, Miss Haldin was not so pleased as she might have been expected to be. Somehow she had lost the desire to see either the heroic captive or Madame de S——, and the reason of that shrinking which came upon her at the very last minute is accounted for by the feeling that those two people had not been treating the woman with the cat kindly.

"Would you please let me pass?" said Miss Haldin at last, touching lightly the shoulder of the *dame de compagnie*.

But the other, pressing the cat to her breast, did not budge.

"I know who it is with him," she said, without even looking back. More unaccountably than ever, Miss Haldin felt a strong impulse to leave the house.

"Madame de S—— may be engaged for some time yet, and what I have got to say to Peter Ivanovitch is just a simple question which I might put to him when I meet him in the grounds on my way down. I really think I will go. I have been some time here and I am anxious to get back to my mother. Will you let me pass, please?"

The *dame de compagnie* turned her head at last.

"I never supposed that you really wanted to see Madame de S——," she said, with unexpected insight. "Not for a moment." There was something confidential and mysterious in her tone. She passed through the door, with Miss Haldin following her, on to the terrace, and they descended, side by side, the moss-grown stone steps. There was no one to be seen on such stretches of the drive as were visible from the front of the house.

"They are hidden by the trees over there," explained Miss Haldin's new acquaintance, "but you shall see them directly. I don't know who that young man is to whom Peter Ivanovitch has taken such a fancy. He must be one of us or he would not be admitted here when the others come. You know who I mean by the others. But I must say that he is not at all mystically inclined. I don't know that I have made him out yet. Naturally, I am never for very long in the drawing-room. There

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is always something to do for me, though the establishment here is not so extensive as the villa on the Riviera. But still, there are plenty of opportunities for me to make myself useful."

To the left, passing by the ivy-grown end of the stables, appeared Peter Ivanovitch and his companion. They walked very slowly, conversing with some animation; and just then they even stopped for a moment, and Peter Ivanovitch was seen to gesticulate, discoursing while the young man listened motionless, with his arms hanging down and his head bowed a little. He was dressed in a dark gray suit and a black hat. The round eyes of the *dame de compagnie* remained fixed on the two figures which had resumed their leisurely approach.

"An extremely civil young man," she said. "You will see what a bow he will make; and it won't altogether be so exceptional, either. He bows in the same way when he meets me alone in the hall."

She moved on a few steps with Miss Haldin by her side and things happened just as she had foretold. The young man took off his hat, bowed slightly and fell back, while Peter Ivanovitch advanced quicker, his black, thick arms extended heartily, and seized hold of both Miss Haldin's hands, shook them and peered at her through his dark glasses, which gave him the impenetrable air of a masked man, a face without expression.

"That's right, that's right!" he exclaimed twice, approvingly. "And so you have been looked after by. . . ." He frowned slightly at the *dame de compagnie,* who was still nursing the cat. "I conclude Eleanor —Madame de S——, is engaged. I know she expected somebody to-day. So the newspaper man did turn up, eh? She is engaged?"

For all answer the *dame de compagnie* turned away her head.

"It is very unfortunate—very unfortunate, indeed. I very much regret that you should have been. . ." He lowered suddenly his voice. "But what is it—surely you are not departing, Natalia Victorovna? You got bored waiting, didn't you?"

"Not in the least," Miss Haldin protested. "Only I have been here some time and I am anxious to get back to my mother."

"The time seemed long, eh? I am afraid our worthy friend here" (Peter Ivanovitch suddenly jerked his head sideways towards his right shoulder and jerked it up again)—"our worthy friend here had not the art of shortening the moments of waiting. No, distinctly she has not the art; and in that respect good intentions alone count for nothing."

The *dame de compagnie* dropped her arms and the cat found itself suddenly on the ground. It remained quite still after alighting, one hind leg stretched backward. Miss Haldin was extremely indignant on behalf of the lady companion.

"Believe me, Peter Ivanovitch, that the moments I have passed in the hall of this house have been not a little interesting and very instructive, too. They are memorable. I do not regret the waiting, but I see that the object of my call here can be attained without taking up Madame S——'s time."

At this point I interrupted Miss Haldin. The above relation is founded on her narrative, which I have not so much dramatized as might be supposed. She had rendered with extraordinary feeling and animation the very accent almost of the disciple of the old apple-woman, the irreconcilable

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hater of Ministries, the voluntary servant of the poor. Miss Haldin's true and delicate humanity was extremely shocked by the uncongenial fate of her new acquaintance, that lady companion, secretary, whatever she was. For my own part, I was pleased to discover in it one more obstacle to intimacy with Madame de S——; I had a positive abhorrence for the painted, bedizened, dead-faced, glassy-eyed Egeria of Peter Ivanovitch. I do not know what was her attitude to the unseen, but I know that in the affairs of this world she was avaricious, greedy and unscrupulous. It was within my knowledge that she had been worsted in a sordid and desperate quarrel about money matters with the family of her late husband, the diplomatist. Some very august personages indeed (whom in her fury she had insisted upon scandalously involving in her affairs) had incurred her animosity. I find it perfectly easy to believe that she had come to within an ace of being spirited away for reasons of state into some discreet Maison de Sante—a madhouse of sorts, to be plain. It appears, however, that certain high-placed personages opposed it for reasons which . . .

But it's no use to go into details.

Wonder may be expressed at a man in the position of a teacher of languages knowing all this with such definiteness. A novelist says this and that of her personages, and if only he knows how to say it earnestly enough he may not be questioned upon the inventions of his brain in which his own belief is made sufficiently manifest by a telling phrase, a poetic image, the accent of emotion. Art is great. But I have no art, and in this attempt at writing, if I am trying to tell a story, I do not aspire to achieve a novel. Not having invented Madame de S——, I feel bound to explain how I came to know so much about her.

My informant was the Russian wife of a friend of mine already mentioned, the professor of Lausanne University. It was from her that I learned the last fact of Madame de S——'s history with which I intend to trouble my readers. She told me, speaking positively, as a person who trusts her sources, of the cause of Madame de S——'s flight from Russia some years before. It was neither more nor less than this: that she became suspect to the police in connection with the assassination of the Emperor Alexander. The ground of this suspicion was either some unguarded expressions that escaped her in public or some talk overheard in her salon. Overheard, we must believe, by some guest, perhaps a friend, who hastened to play the informer, I suppose. At any rate, the overheard matter seemed to imply her foreknowledge of that event, and I think she was wise in not waiting for the investigation of such a charge. Some of my readers may remember a little book from her pen, published in Paris, a mystically bad-tempered, declamatory and frightfully disconnected piece of writing, in which she all but admits the foreknowledge, more than hints at its supernatural origin, and plainly suggests in venomous innuendoes that the guilt of the act was not with the terrorists, but with a palace intrigue. When I observed to my friend the professor's wife that the life of Madame de S——, with its unofficial diplomacy, its intrigues, lawsuits, favors, disgrace, expulsions, its atmosphere of scandal, occultism and charlatanism, was more fit for the eighteenth century than for the conditions of our own time she assented with a smile, but a moment after went on in a reflective tone: "Charlatanism?—yes, in a certain

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measure. Still, the times are changed. There are forces now which were non-existent in the eighteenth century. I should not be surprised if she were more dangerous than an Englishman would be willing to believe. And, what's more, she is looked upon as really dangerous by certain people—*chez nous*."

Chez nous in this connection meant Russia in general, and the Russian political police in particular. The object of my digression from the straight course of Miss Haldin's relation (in my own words) of her visit to the Château Borel was to bring forward that statement of my friend, the professor's wife. I wanted to bring it forward simply to make what I have to say presently of Mr. Razumov's presence in Geneva a little more credible—for this is a Russian story for Western ears, which, as I have observed already, are not attuned to certain tones of cynicism and cruelty of moral negation and even of moral distress already silenced at our end of Europe. And this I state as my excuse for having left Miss Haldin standing, one of the little group of two women and two men who had come together below the terrace of the Château Borel.

The knowledge which I have stated above was in my mind when, as I have said, I interrupted Miss Haldin. I interrupted her with the cry of profound satisfaction.

"So you never saw Madame de S——, after all?"

Miss Haldin shook her head. It was very satisfactory to me. I am putting it very mildly when I say that this contact could give her no advantage. She had not seen Madame de S——! That was excellent, excellent! I welcomed the conviction that she would never know Madame de S—— now. I could not explain the reason of the conviction, but by the knowledge that Miss Haldin was standing face to face with her brother's wonderful friend. I preferred him to Madame de S—— as the companion and guide of that young girl, abandoned to her inexperience by the miserable end of her brother. But, at any rate, that life now ended had been sincere, and perhaps its thought might have been lofty, its moral sufferings profound, its last act a true sacrifice. It is not for us, the staid lovers calmed by the possession of a conquered liberty, to condemn without appeal the fierceness of thwarted desire.

I am not ashamed of the warmth of my regard for Miss Haldin. It was, it must be admitted, an unselfish sentiment, being its own reward. The late Victor Haldin—in the light of that sentiment—appeared to me, not as a sinister conspirator, but as a pure enthusiast. I did not wish, indeed, to judge him, but the very fact that he did not escape, that fact which brought so much trouble to both his mother and his sister, spoke to me in his favor. Meantime, in my fear of seeing the girl surrender to the influence of the Château Borel revolutionary feminism, I was more than willing to put my trust in that friend of the late Victor Haldin. He was nothing but a name, you will say. Exactly. A name. And, what's more, the only name—the only name to be found in the correspondence between brother and sister; the only link with that mental and emotional past of interchanged ideas between these two, which must fatally shape the future of the one who was left bereaved of all support except for the unique legacy of that name. The young man had turned up; they had come face to face and, fortunately, without the direct interference of Madame de S——. What will come of it?

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Of course it was open to her to say nothing more. She seemed to be weighing something in her mind. It occurred to me, not for the first time, that it was not intellect which was the stamp of that admirably poised head, but courage, the most fascinating virtue in a woman. It was only natural that, as I took my eyes off her, my thought should turn to the young man, the bearer of the only name uttered in all the dream-talk of a future to be brought about by a revolution. And my thought took the shape of asking myself why this young man had not called upon these ladies. He had been in Geneva for some days before Miss Haldin heard of him first in my presence from Peter Ivanovitch. I regretted that last's presence at their meeting. I would rather have had it happen somewhere out of his spectacled sight. But I supposed that, having both these young people there, he introduced them to each other.

I broke the silence by beginning a question on that point.

"I suppose Peter Ivanovitch. . ."

Miss Haldin gave vent to her indignation. Peter Ivanovitch, directly he had got his answer from her, had turned upon the *dame de compagnie* in a shameful manner.

"Turned upon her?" I wondered. "What about? For what reason?"

"It was unheard of; it was shameful," Miss Haldin pursued, with angry eyes. "*Il lui a fait une scène*—like this before strangers. And for what? You would never guess. For some eggs. . . . Oh!"

I was astonished. "Eggs, did you say?"

"For Madame de S——. That lady observes a special diet or something of the sort. It seems she had complained the day before to Peter Ivanovitch that the eggs were not rightly prepared. Peter Ivanovitch suddenly remembered this against the poor woman and flew out at her. It was most astonishing. I stood as if rooted."

"Do you mean to say that the great feminist allowed himself to be abusive to a woman?" I asked.

"Oh, not that. It was something you have no conception of. It was an odious performance. Imagine, he raised his hat, to begin with. He made his voice soft and deprecatory. 'Ah, you are not kind to us—you will not deign to remember. . . .' This sort of phrases, that sort of tone. The poor creature was terribly upset. Her eyes ran full of tears. She did not know where to look. I shouldn't wonder if she would have rather preferred abuse or even a blow."

I did not remark that very possibly she was familiar with both on occasions when no one was by. Miss Haldin walked by my side, her head up in scornful and angry silence.

"Great men have their surprising peculiarities," I observed, inanely. "Exactly like men who are not great. But that sort of thing cannot be kept up forever. How did the great feminist wind up this very characteristic episode?"

Miss Haldin, without turning her face my way, told me that the end was brought about by the appearance of the interviewer who had been closeted with Madame de S——.

He came up rapidly, unnoticed, lifted his hat slightly and paused to say in French, "The Baroness has asked me in case I met a lady on my way out to desire her to come in at once."

(To be Continued)

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is an experienced student and an alert British writer who has had opportunities of comparing the customs and institutions of both England and the United States. He is at present visiting the States, and his article is an interesting estimate of a Britisher's view-point of commercial and political conditions in America. His name is a familiar one to the readers of the REVIEW.

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ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

is the son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury and a Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge University. This university has recently made him Professor of English Literature. A prolific writer, he has endeared himself to his large reading public in America as well as in England. His verse appeared in collected form in 1909, but his most recently published work is a volume of essays, *The Silent Isle.* The essay in the current REVIEW is one of a series which will appear from time to time through the coming year.

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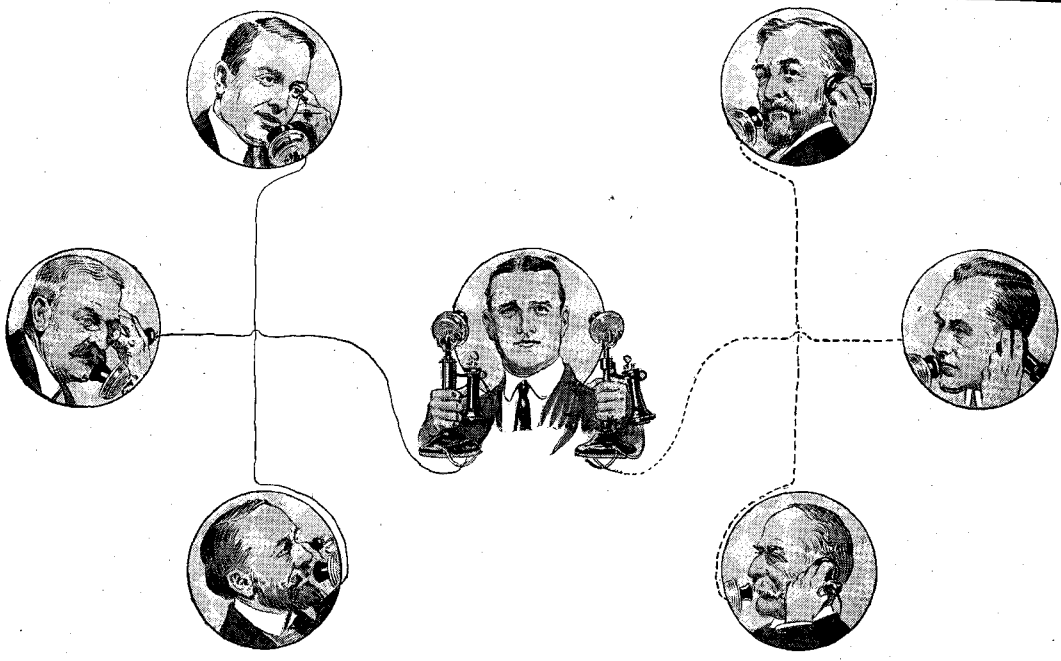

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